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THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

BY MRS. VIRGINIA L. FRENCH.

They planted them together—our gallant sires of old—
Though one was crowned with crystal snow, and one with solar gold:
They planted them together—on the world's majestic height,
At Saratoga's deathless charge, at Kutaw's stubborn fight;
At midnight on the dark redoubt, 'mid plunging shot and shell—
At noontide gasping in the crush of battle's bloody swell—
With gory hands and reeking brows, amid the mighty fray,
Which surged and swelled around them on that memorable day,
When they planted Independence as a symbol and a sign,
They struck deep soil and planted the Palmetto and the Pine.

They planted them together—by the river of the Years—
Watered with our fathers' hearts' blood, watered with our mothers' tears;
In the strong, rich soil of Freedom, with a bounteous benison
From their Prophet, Priest, and Pioneer—our Father, Washington!
Above them floated echoes of the ruin and the wreck
Like "drums that beat at Louisburg and thundered at Quebec,"
But the old lights sank in darkness as the new stars rose to shine
O'er those emblems of the sections—the Palmetto and the Pine.

And we'll plant them still together, for 'tis yet the self-same soil
Our fathers' valor won for us by victory and toil:
On Florida's fair everglades, by bold Ontario's flood,
And thro' them send electric life, as leaps the kindred blood!
For thus it is they taught us who for Freedom lived and died,
The Eternal's law of justice must and shall be justified—
That God has joined together, by a fiat all divine,
The destinies of dwellers 'neath the Palm tree and the Pine.

God plant them still together! Let them flourish side by side,
In the halls of our Centennial, mailed in more than marble pride!
With kindly deeds and noble names we'll grave them o'er and o'er
With brave historic legends of the glorious days of yore,
While the clear, exultant chorus, rising from united hands,
The echo of our triumph peals to earth's remotest lands—
While "Faith, Fraternity, and Love" shall joyfully entwine
Around our chosen emblems—the Palmetto and the Pine.

"Together!" shouts Niagara, his thunder-toned decree—
"Together!" echo back the waves upon the Mexic Sea—
"Together!" sing the sylvan hills where old Atlantic roams—
"Together!" boom the breakers on the wild Pacific shores—
"Together!" cry the people—and "*together*" it shall be,
An everlasting charter-bond forever—for the free:
Of liberty the signet-seal—the one eternal sign
Be those *united emblems*—the Palmetto and the Pine!

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 32, Vol. LV. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

Had the footman, Giles, said it was an inhabitant of the world of spirits, Lucy would not have felt more painfully and disagreeably startled. She! And she, Lucy, had sat with her in the same carriage and talked to her on pleasant terms of equality. She, Mrs. Grey! Well, Theresa was right, the face was fit for an angel's.

"Why, my dear Lady Wynne, how pale you look. It's the heat, I suppose."

Lucy, half-bewildered, her senses seeming to have gone she knew not whither, found herself shaking hands with Miss Patchett, an elderly and eccentric lady who lived midway between the station and the village of Foxwood. Lucy mechanically asked her if she had come in the train.

"Yes," answered Miss Patchett. "I have been to London to engage a housemaid, and I am tired to death, my dear, and the London streets were like fire. I wish I was at home without having to walk there."

"Let the fly take you."

"It's hardly worth while, my dear; it's not far, and it would be taking you out of your way."

"Not many yards out of it. Step in, Miss Patchett."

The old lady stepped in, Lucy following her, Giles taking his place by the driver. Miss Patchett was set down at her house, and then the horse's head was turned around in the direction of Foxwood Court.

"I could almost have died rather than it should have happened," she thought, her face burning now at the recollection of the encounter with Mrs. Grey, so mortifying to every good feeling within her. "How sharply she spoke—when they told her the fly was there for Lady Wynne. And to think that I should have offered to set her down! To think of it! Perhaps those parcels contained things that Karl bought for her in London."

The fly, bowling on, was nearing the Maze gate. Lucy's fascinated gaze was, in spite of herself, drawn to it. A middle-aged woman servant had opened it, and was receiving the parcels from the porter. Mrs. Grey had her purse out, paying him. As she put the coin into his hand she paused to look at Lady Wynne. It was not a rude look, but one that seemed full of eager interest. Lucy turned her eyes the other way and caught a full view of Mr. Smith, the agent. He was stretched out at one of his sitting-room windows, surveying the scene with undisguised curiosity. Lucy sank into the darkest corner of the fly and flung her hands over her burning face.

"Was any position in the world ever so painful as mine?" she cried, with a rising sob. "How shall I live on and bear it?"

CHAPTER XXI.

HARD TO BEAR.

Dinner was waiting when Lady Wynne entered, and the first person she saw was her husband. He met her in the hall with outstretched hands.

"Did you think I was lost, Lucy?"

She suffered her hand to touch his, for Hewitt and the tall footman, Giles, were standing in the hall, looking on. Sir Karl saw how red her eyes were.

"I meant to have returned by an earlier train, but as I had the day before me, I took the opportunity of seeing after a few things I wished to purchase, and—"

"The time slipped on," said Karl. "How have you been, Lucy?"

"Oh, quite well, thank you."

"Whom do you think I traveled down with, Lucy? My old friend, Lamprey. He has some business at Basham, so I have brought him home to dinner. Make haste," he added, as she turned to the staircase, "I think it must be ready."

"I will be down directly," she answered.

Aglae was waiting, and in five minutes, Lucy was down again, dressed. Captain Lamprey was introduced to her—for it happened that they had not been personally acquainted when at Winchester—and gave her his arm into the dining-room. Miss Blake fell to Karl.

But in Lucy's heart sickness, she could scarcely be cheerful. Her tell-tale eyes were heavy, too; there arose, ever and anon, one of those rising sobs of the breath that speak most unmistakably of hidden grief, and Captain Lamprey felt somewhat disappointed in Lady Wynne. He remembered how beautiful Lucy Cleeve used to be. He had heard of the renewed gaiety of heart her marriage with Karl brought her, but he saw only a sad woman, who was evidently not too happy, and whose beauty was marred by sadness and paleness. Karl was more cheerful than usual, and Miss Blake seemed not to tire of inquiring after Winchester and its people. But in the midst of all his observations, Captain Lamprey never suspected that there was anything but perfect cordiality between Sir Karl and his wife; and the dinner came to an end.

After coffee, Captain Lamprey set off to walk to Basham. Karl went out with him to put him on the right road and accompany him part of it. Miss Blake had gone to Vespers. Lucy was left alone.

It seemed to her dull everywhere, especially dull indoors, and she stepped out to the lawn, turning back almost immediately to get a shawl for her shoulders, in obedience to an injunction of her husband's.

She folded the shawl about her—one of substantial crape—as carefully as Karl could have folded it, and she stayed, she knew not how long, in the open air. Pacing the lawn, sitting amidst the flowers, standing under the shade of the trees, always in deep thought. The nightingale sang, and the tears gathered in her eyes as she listened to the melodious strain. "What a sweet place this would be to live in," thought Lucy, "if only we could but have peace with it!"

But the nightingale's song and the oppressive thoughts, together with the falling dusk, brought back all her low spirits again. "There will never be any more happiness for me in this world! Never, never!" she sighed, and the tears were dropping as she went up to her own room.

By-and-by Sir Karl returned. Not seeing his wife down-stairs, he went up and knocked at the door of her little sitting-room. He had not had an opportunity of speaking a private word to her since his return. There came no answer, and he entered. The room was empty, but as he stood for a moment in the deep silence of twilight, the sound of sobs in Lucy's bed-chamber smote his ear. He knocked at it.

"Lucy!"

"Who's there?" she asked, stepping to the door and stifling her sobs as best she could.

"I want to speak to you, Lucy."

She dried her eyes and unlocked the door, and made believe to be calmly indifferent, as she stepped into the sitting-room.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Karl, I was busy, and did not hear you."

"You are looking very ill, Lucy," he said, with grieved concern. "I thought so when I first saw you this afternoon. Then, as now, your eyes were red with weeping."

"I have had rather a tiring day," she answered, leaning sideways against the open window. "There was the elaborate luncheon with General and Mrs. Lloyd, and the flower-show afterwards. The weather was very warm and oppressive."

"That may account for your being tired and not looking well; but not for the weeping, Lucy. As I stood here waiting for you to answer my knock, I heard your sobs."

"Yes," she said, rather faintly, feeling how useless it would be to deny that there had been some weeping. "I get a little low spirited sometimes in the evening."

"But why? wherefore?"

"Is life so pleasant with us just now that I can always be gay, think you?" she retorted after a pause, and her voice took a tone of resentment.

"But the unpleasantness is of your doing; not mine. You *know* it, Lucy."

"Then—then it is right that I should be the one to suffer," was her impatient answer—for her words were trying her almost beyond endurance. "Let it go so; I do not wish to speak of it further."

Karl was standing at the opposite corner of the window, facing her, his arms folded. On his part he was beginning to be a little out of patience too, with what he deemed her unreasonable caprice. For a few moments there was silence.

"What I want to tell you is this, Lucy. My visit to London was connected with that wish that you seem to have so much at heart—though I cannot exactly understand why—"

"I have no wish at heart," she resentfully interrupted.

"Nay, but hear me. The wish you expressed to me I think you must have at heart, since on its fulfilment you say depends our reconciliation. I speak of the removal of—of the tenants of the Maze," he added, half breaking down in his sensitive hesitation.

"Well, I thought I saw a chance of it, and I went to get some information, that I fancied might help me, from Plunkett and Plunkett—"

"Is it fit that you should give these details to me?" she haughtily interposed.

"I wish you to understand that I am doing my best. Plunkett and Plunkett could not give me the information; but they directed me to some people where I might obtain it. To enable me to see one of these people I had to stay in town all night, and that was the reason of my not getting home."

Lucy had taken a spray of jessamine from her waist-band, and stood pulling it to pieces as she listened with an air of indifference.

"I do not really know more than I did before I went to town, as to whether or no the Maze can be left empty," he went on. "But I have a good hope of it. I think I may be able to accomplish it, though perhaps not quite immediately. It may take time."

"As you please, of course," answered Lucy coldly. "It is nothing to me."

"I have not said quite all I wish to say," he began, in a voice from which emotion had passed. "As I had the day in London before me, I thought I would look after a pony-chaise for you, Lucy, and I found a beauty. It will be home in a day or two."

"But you have not bought it?"

"Yes, I have."

"Oh, I'm sorry! I did not want one. But it was very kind of you to think of me, Karl," she added in her gratitude.

"And there's a pretty pony to match; a small, quiet, gentle creature. I hope you will like him. I cannot have you running about the place on foot, making yourself ill with the heat."

"Thank you; thank you. But I never drove in my life. I fear I should be a coward."

"I will drive you until you get used to him. That is, if you will permit me. Lucy, believe me, amidst all my care and trouble, your happiness lies next my heart."

On his way to leave the room, he stopped and shook hands with her. Theresa Blake, walking on the lawn beneath, had seen them conversing together at the window. She thought a taste of Jane Shore's pillory might not have been amiss for bringing Lady Wynne to her senses.

Presently Lucy went down and had tea with Theresa, presiding herself at the cups and saucers by moonlight—for there was little light of day left. Sir Karl did not appear. He was in his room on the other side of the house, holding some colloquy with Hewitt.

Lucy sent the tray away, and ensconced herself in an easy chair with one of the romances Karl had brought her on the Saturday.

"I am going to have a pony-chaise, Theresa."

"Oh, indeed," returned Miss Blake, who seemed in rather a crusty humor. "I thought I heard you say that you did not require one."

"Perhaps I may be glad of it, for all that. At any rate, Sir Karl has bought it, pony, and chaise, and all; and they will be down this week."

Miss Blake's face was a scornful one just then, in her condemnation of wrong-doing. "He bribes her into

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MISS BLAKE'S FACE WAS A SCORNFUL ONE IN HER CONDEMNATION OF WRONG DOING.

blindness," was the thought that ran through her mind.

"Why are your eyes so red and heavy, Lucy? They were so at dinner."

"My eyes red!" artfully responded Lucy. "Are they? well, I have had rather a tiring day, Theresa; and it has been so very hot, you know. You ought to have waited for the flower-show. It was one of the best I ever saw."

"Yes, I should have liked it."

"I took home poor Miss Patchett in my fly from the station," went on Lucy, who seemed to be running from one topic to another, perhaps to divert attention from herself. "She had been up to London to engage a servant, and looked fit to drop with the heat. Did you ever know it to be so hot before, Theresa?"

"I think not. Not for a continuancy. I think I will take a stroll in the beautiful moonlight." So off she went, leaving Lucy to her own resources.

At first Lucy held the book upside down. Then she read a page three times over, and could not comprehend it. Ah, it was of no use, this playing at light-hearted ease. She might keep up the face tolerably well before people, but when alone with herself and her misery, it was a senseless mockery.

Leaving the book behind her, she went wandering about from room to room. The windows of all were put open, to catch what little air there might be. As she stood in one of the unlighted rooms, Sir Karl passed along the terrace. She drew back lest he should see her, and heard him go into the lighted drawing-room and call her.

"Lucy!"

Not a word would she answer. She just stood back against the wall in the dark beyond the curtain, and kept still. He went out again, and began pacing the opposite path in the shade cast by the overhanging trees. Lucy watched him. Suddenly he plunged in amidst the trees, and she heard one of the private gates open and close.

"He is going there," she said, the pulses of her heart quickening, and her face taking a ghastly tinge in the moonlight.

Miss Blake, who had been also lingering in the garden, in some of its hidden nooks and corners, had also seen Sir Karl, and watched his stealthy exit. She immediately glided to another of the small private gates of egress, and cautiously opened it.

"Yes, I thought so; he is off to the Maze," she mentally cried, as she saw Sir Karl, who had crossed the road, walking towards that secluded spot, and keeping close against the opposite hedge. The moonlight was flung pretty broadly upon the road to-night, but the dark hedge served to screen him in a degree. Miss Blake's eyes were keen by moonlight or by daylight. She watched him pass under the trees at the entrance; she watched him open the gate, and enter.

Karl locked the gate softly, and wound himself through the maze of trees to the other end. Part of the grass-plat was steeped in light, and he saw Mrs. Grey walking there. He crossed it to accost her.

"Did you get back yesterday, Rose?" he inquired, after shaking hands.

"No, not until this afternoon. Rennet kept me. I saw him when I drove there yesterday; but he was then preparing to go out of town for the rest of the day on business, and it was impossible for him to do what was wanted before this morning. So I had to wait in town."

"I wonder we did not chance to travel down together then!" observed Karl. "I did not return until this afternoon. Would you like to take my arm, Rose, while you walk?"

"Thank you," she answered, and took it. She had on the high black dress she had worn to London, and her golden hair gleamed with all its beauty in the moonlight. Karl remarked that she leaned upon him somewhat heavily.

"You are tired, Rose!"

"I felt very tired when I got home. But Ann Hopley preaches to me so much about the necessity of taking exercise that I thought I would walk about here for half an hour. I have had scarcely any walking to-day; I was so fatigued with the journey and shopping yesterday that I had to keep still this morning."

"Where's Adam?"

"In-doors. He is complaining of that sensation of pain again. I don't like it at all, Karl."

"And while he is lying concealed here he cannot have medical advice. At least, I don't see how it would be possible."

"It would not be possible," said Rose, decisively. "Oh, but I forgot—I have to tell you something, Karl. Whom do you think I traveled with from Basham to Foxwood?"

"I don't know."

"Your wife."

"My wife!"

"It is true. I was in the ladies' carriage alone all the way from London. At Basham a young and elegant lady in pearl-gray silk and white, with the daintiest parasol I ever saw, was put in. An old gentleman—she called him 'General'—and some ladies were with her on the platform. We were alone in the carriage, she and I; and I think we looked at each other a good deal. What she thought of me I don't know; but I thought that she had one of the sweetest and gentlest faces my eyes ever rested on. She had a sweet voice, too, for we spoke a little just as we got to Foxwood."

"But did you know her?—did she know you?" interrupted Karl.

"No, no. I should have had no idea who she was, but that there was some question about the one fly waiting there, and some one said it had been brought for Lady Wynne. Karl, if ever I felt startled in my life, it was then. 'Lady Wynne;' I took it at the moment to mean me, and I felt my face turn white at the danger. Almost at once I recognized my mistake, and saw how it was—that she was the Lady Wynne meant, Sir Karl's wife. I think I said something to her, but I was so confused I hardly know. I only have wondered since that I did not guess who she was at first, from her attire and her beauty."

"Lucy did not tell me of this."

"Oh, dear, no, she would not be likely to recall it, or to know me from any other stranger one may meet in traveling. Adam says you love to excess; I am sure, Karl, I don't wonder at it."

He made no answer. Yes, he loved his wife with a wondrous love; but just now she was trying it sharply.

"Karlo, old fellow, is that you?" interrupted a voice from the window over the porch. "What on earth do you stay chattering to the wife for? I want you."

Karl looked up, nodded to his brother, and went in. Adam was in his customary evening attire, and just as gay as usual. He waited for Karl at the head of the stairs and they went together into the sitting-room that was always used at night. This sitting-room had a second door, in the paneling, one not visible to a casual observer. It communicated with a passage that nothing else communicated with; the passage communicated with a small room, and the small room with a spiral staircase, and that with nobody knew what or where. Had Adam Wynne been surprised in his retreat, it was by that private door he would have made his escape—or tried to do it.

"Rose says you are not very well, Adam; that you are feeling the pain again," began Karl. "What do you think it is?"

"Goodness knows," returned Adam; "I don't. My opinion is, I must in some way have given my inside a deuce of a wrench. I don't tell Rose that; she'd set on and worry herself."

"I hope it is nothing serious—that it will soon pass off. You see, Adam, the cruel difficulty we should be in, if you were to require medical advice."

"Oh, bother!" cried Adam.

"Why do you say 'bother?'"

"Because it is bother, and nothing else. When did I ever need medical advice? In general health, I'm as strong as a horse."

"When we were young men at home, they used to say I had twice the constitution that you had, Adam, in spite of your strong looks."

"Home fallacy!" said Adam, lightly. "It was the father used to say that, I remember. For the most part, the preaching that people make over 'constitution' is worth no more than the breath wasted on it. The proof of a pudding is in the eating; and the proof of a sound constitution lies in a man's good strength. I am stronger than you, Karl."

Karl paused for a few minutes before he resumed. His brother, sitting near the shaded lamp, was turning over the pages of the Art Journal, a copy of which Mrs. Grey had brought from London.

"How came you to know Smith, Adam?"

"How came I to know Smith?" repeated Sir Adam. "To tell you the truth, Karl, Smith saved me. But for his sheltering me in the time you know of, I should not be at liberty now; probably not in life. Until then, he was a stranger."

"And for saving you he exacts his mail."

"Little blame to him for it," returned Sir Adam, with a half laugh.

"I believe that the man is keeping you here," continued Karl. "That you dare not go away unless he lifts his finger."

"Naturally he is anxious for my safety, Karl; for the sake of his own self-interest."

"Precisely so. He would rather keep you here in danger than suffer you to escape to freedom. Do you know anything of his antecedents?"

"Nothing. For all I can tell, as to who or what the man was before the night he rescued me, he might have dropped from the moon."

"And since then it has been the business of your life to conciliate him, Adam!"

"What would you do? The man knows that I am Adam Wynne; and, knowing it, that he holds a sword over me. Is it worth my while, or not, to try to keep it from falling?"

Karl sighed deeply. He saw all the intricacies of the case; and, what was worse, he saw no outlet from them. If only he could but feel that his brother

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NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

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A TRIP THROUGH THE LISTS.

Week by week the busy wrapper-writers wend their way through the books in which the names of subscribers to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are recorded. Monotonous work, but not without its own pleasures. Names are not like bricks cast in one mould. The mason handles these without special thought for each, for no one brick has individuality to hold attention or waken fancy. But each name is suggestive. As the writer's work goes on, associations attend each name, and relieve monotony as varying shadows dot and adorn a landscape.

Some names have kept their places with us for many years; twenty, forty, yes, more than fifty years in not a few instances have they passed under weekly review. They are notable way-marks here and there. "I've reached *Corey*," mentally exclaims the nimbled-fingered clerk, and she knows one-tenth of the week's work is done—Mr. Corey is one of the *fifty year* men.—"Oh, dear! it's Thursday morning, and I haven't come to *Marblebush* yet," she sighs, for that name is the half-way house, and now for three days the five-in-hand team she is driving must be urged at a more rapid rate, for *Zubert* must be reached on Saturday, or there will be trouble, and the pen is at once put to the scratch.

"Cripplehead" may be every way straight in his mind, but the dullest writer meeting such a name, would think of feeble thoughts, feeble purposes, and pitiable failures. At almost every turn (of a leaf) the way is more diversified than is the stretch of country crossed by the longest line of railroad. Names carry us rapidly from Canada to California; show us rarest of scenery, curiosities of art, wonderful imaginings, or staid funeral trains, of meditation; the latter particularly where heavy black lines dress the names of expired subscriptions in inky drapery. So that in a thousand ways, the weary writer may find relief and enliven what would otherwise be a tedious journey.

The more names to write, the greater the pleasure, and we are glad here to record that this source of pleasure is now being daily and largely augmented.

A PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERY.

$75,000 for one picture! That was about the cost of the last painting ordered by the late A. T. Stewart from Meissonier of Paris. Other works for which $5,000 to $40,000 each had been paid, adorned the walls of the millionaire's marble palace. Our own private gallery contains several not excelled by either of the above. Among landscapes we have "The Thousand Isles at Sunrise," "Lake George," "Falls of Minnehaha," "Pine Forest," a series of "Prairie Scenes," etc., etc. One little gem, "The Ravine," no money can buy while we live. Numerous scenes from active life, as "The Stock Exchange on a Field Day," "Town Meeting," "Militia Parade," "The Beer Garden," etc., and portraits of numerous distinguished men and women are also highly prized. These we have never shown in public; they are carefully kept for private gratification.

"Selfish Crœsus!" Not a bit of it. The whole collection cost less than one thousand dollars, and as to the selfishness, the purpose of this article is to place an equally valuable collection within the reach of every reader. Nay, thousands of you already have finer ornaments in your own exclusively private galleries than ours can boast.

Let the eyes be kept open to the ten thousand scenes which no painter has yet been able to reprodnce, and they may be indelibly fixed on the mind's canvas as ours have been. Sunrise, sunset, moonlight, every light is constantly bringing them out with prodigal profusion. Earth, sea and sky are filled with them. Mother, what sketch by Meissonier can equal your cherished treasure; the one fixed in your heart long years sinces as you bent over the cradle of the first darling and caught its answering smile. How many, many times has it been a delight to bring it before the inner eye, and dwell on its charms. Rugged miner, does not the well-remembered picture of the little home cottage in Wales often brighten the underground darkness?

We count as chief among the attractions offered in this city the present year, the pictures which will be carried away by those who come to feed the soul through the eye. To fix them indelibly, bring them out often, try to describe them from memory. Words will fail to do them justice, but the effort to impart them will freshen the colors and deepen the impressions.

TWO FISHES.

One of them wouldn't bite, could not be coaxed too. Over and over a "good thing" was offered him. It was not because he was knowing enough to suspect the hook nicely concealed under the tempting worm; for we tried him with a worm without a hook. It was skilfully dangled close to his nose. He lay in still water, stupidly content, getting his living by absorption and suction, never venturing out where the quick current called for action, and where choice tid-bits of dainty flies and grasshoppers were caught and swept down by the tide. So having coaxed and tempted in vain, we just took a naked hook, drew it carefully under him, and with a jerk landed him. He was a *sucker;* dull, sluggish, worthless, and was cast back into his pool to finish an inglorious existence.

But the next fellow—what a time we had with him! The bait had been thrown into the whirl and rush of the tumultuous little stream, when a flash of light darted through the water, an electric thrill quivered along the rod and delighted every nerve of the holder. Now here, now there, struggling, half yielding, then springing away with redoubled vigor, went the gamey trout, until life almost gone, he was laid on the grassy bank, and there finished his existence with convulsive struggles. His death was glorious, as his life had been brilliant, and his precious memory is here embalmed.

Don't be a sucker!

CENTENNIAL SPEECHES.

MR. EDITOR:—As the grand epoch of our National existence has arrived, and fitting exponents of its glorious career should be displayed through the length and breadth of this unparalleled land, permit me through your columns to offer my services to those who may be called upon to express the sentiments which should swell from every bounding bosom, and who may not have had the experience or been in the circumstances best calculated to develop their powers of communication to the public.

I have prepared Centennial Speeches, suited to every degree and condition of community. I have them adapted to every size of building, from the school-house on the frontier, where good solid words, meaty as pork, and sound as prime corn, will be relished by the dozen farmers who will gather there and who don't want nonsense—up to the vast halls through whose majestic arches should roll the sonorous announciations of incontrovertible principles which enter into the very constitution of the immutable foundations of national perpetuity.

Would you like to buy a few? You could make a good thing by having them electrotyped and selling copies.

Early decision will greatly oblige,
Yours, faithfully,
B. UNCOMBE.

We have written for a few specimens of the above, and may present them for the judgment of our readers before closing a definite arrangement.

CONCEITED PEOPLE.

There is a general outcry against conceited people, often raised by those who have a mote, if not a beam, of the same kind in their own eyes. Is there a fault so common as this?

Every man who possesses talent of any description is charged by his detractors with vanity. If they can find no other fault, they invariably bring forward this one. In many cases it is, perhaps, no more than the truth; but if a conceited genius is a distasteful thing, how much worse is a conceited idiot?

It is our steadfast belief that for one really talented man who rates himself more highly than the world agrees to do, there are twenty, nay, a hundred, dull men who do likewise. Three-fourths of civilized humanity cherish their little private idolatries. Some have tact enough to conceal them; the idiots are not suspected of such audacity; but all unite with the remaining fourth in falling upon the poor geniuses, who have at least some excuse for their vanity.

THE PROPENSITY TO FIB.

Is there such a thing as an inherent distaste for the truth? Judging from the dogged preference for falsehood which some persons manifest even on occasions when reason must tell them that veracity would serve their purpose best, it really seems so. That a propensity to fib sometimes runs in families is beyond dispute. The sins of parents are not only visited upon their children, but, in many instances, appear to be inherited by them from generation to generation. An evil twist in the moral nature of a parent is, we fear, more apt to be inherited than a virtue; just as physical ugliness is more frequently transmitted by descent than physical beauty. We do not believe, however, that a tendency to "tell stories" is, under any circumstances, ineradicable, if taken in time.

The hereditary diseases of the flesh were once thought to be incurable; but we know better now; and charitable Christians, also, believe that hereditary moral infirmities are not beyond the reach of moral medication. But mendacity must be dealt with in the gristle. A mature falsifier is a hard subject. It is next to impossible to school his vile idiosyncracy out of him. With children it is otherwise. The value and importance of truth may be so impressed upon them by counsel, by illustration, by discipline, that they will never depart from it in after-life.

AROUND THE GRAVES.

Lilies and tears, sorrow, and hope, and pride;
Again we come
To sigh and think when those dear heroes died;
When from each home
Beloved and needful, patriotic, brave,
The soldiers sped,
The country from its direst ills to save;
And now they're dead.

Roses and smiles, honor, remembrance, truth,
We test again;
Some perished in their pure and loving youth;
Some suffered pain;
Of friends estranged, of broken limb, unsworved;
Some bore the flag
Straight through the awful carnage, iron-nerved,
And none could lag.

Violets and love, sweet memories for the lost;
Sweet songs for these;
No mournful tributes now; we know the cost;
The summer breeze
Still bears the tale upon its fragrant wings;
Cycles unnamed
Shall waft the echoes to more distant springs;
A land defamed.
These patriots rescued, honor bright. No tears!
Mourn now no more!
Their names grow grander with hallowing years;
They weep no more.

"A BIT OF CHARITY."

BY OLIVE BELL.

"Jimmie, your mistress wants you in the east parlor," said a tidy servant girl to Jimmie Benton, Miss Hilton's man-of-all-work, who sat before a roaring fire in his comfortable room over the coach-house, polishing a bit of harness.

"Yes'm," never pausing to look up from his work, which, when finished to his satisfaction, was laid aside.

"What new whim's got her now?" soliloquized Jimmie, as he laid his steel-rimmed spectacles beside his Bible, on the little table at his elbow, and prepared to walk across a stormy lawn, knee-deep with snow. "For there's something odd afloat when I'm to go to the east parlor."

For no one knew better than Jimmie Benton, who had served the Hilton family going on forty years, how oddly whimsical the last of the race was, or how many strange schemes had been set in motion in the cranky old spinsters's favorite room, or as Jimmie's fellow-servants were in the habit of saying, "Miss Clara moulded the balls there, and Jimmie shot them."

The wind whistled sharply around Jimmie's ears as he crossed the lawn, and his teeth chattered with cold as he entered Miss Hilton's room.

"Why, Jimmie, it must be dreadful cold; you're shivering," exclaimed that lady, as she drew a cozy chair to the fire, which Jimmie took with a grateful look at his mistress, who, in spite of her hardness to others, had always been kind to him.

"Ah!" was Jimmie's exclamation, as he rubbed his fat palms together, "the cold never reaches you here."

Jimmie glanced admiringly around the room, whose amber-tinted walls were decorated with portraits of the dead and gone Hiltons, and whose furniture was solid black walnut, cushioned with amber velvet. Flowers, vines, and ferns filled the long windows, through which the morning sunlight was streaming in golden floods, leaving shining tracks on the rich amber ground of the carpet, sprinkled with purple pansies, whose yellow hearts seemed to absorb the quivering light.

And Miss Hilton herself was like some antique piece of furniture, so stiff and prim was she in her rich, warm robe of purple cashmere, her silvery hair lying against her cheeks in stiff curls, which hardened the expression of her thin face, which, despite its waxen-like pallor and wrinkles, bore traces of former beauty. Indeed, Jimmie could remember a day when Miss Clara's face was faultless in his eyes, and the young girl a paragon of sweetness and goodness.

But the Miss Clara of to-day was quite another person. She was the faded, sour, old spinster, only known now for her church charities and her wealth, which seemed limitless. Some knotty problem in financial matters was evidently troubling her now, for Jimmie observed a pile of papers and several account-books lying on the marble table at her side.

"Jimmie," observed his mistress, with a deep sigh, "money is very scarce."

"Very, ma'am," assented Jimmie.

"Still, I think my tenants take advantage of the hard times. They cannot always be hard up for money."

Jimmie shifted uneasily in his chair, for Miss Hilton's tenants had been her only cross for many years.

"The laboring classes have been heavy sufferers this winter, ma'am," mildly suggested Jimmie.

"I am aware of that," dryly responded Miss Hilton. "But Jimmie, I am not bound to keep open house for a score or two of families."

"Certainly not. But be as easy with them as possible, Miss Clara, for they were honest and prompt in their payments when times were good and work plenty."

"Doubtless. But Jimmie, I must have more money. If they won't pay the rent, they must leave the houses."

"Patience, patience!" cried Jimmie, who knew the unpleasant duty of turning them out would devolve upon him. "They will pay up arrears presently."

"My patience is exhausted, Jimmie," sighed Miss Hilton, who really thought she had the patience of Job. "If Mrs. Nye does not bring in her rent this morning, you must warn her out to-day."

"Mrs Nye!" Jimmie looked the amazement he felt. "Why she is a widow, and one of the poorest of your tenants."

"What of that? I have given her every chance I could afford. I offered her some fine laundry work, and she sent back word she could not possibly do it, as her child was sick. As if a sick child ought to prevent anybody earning money to pay their rent."

Jimmie thoughtfully stroked his beardless chin. His mistress was in one of her hardest moods, and he alone knew how useless was either argument or persuasion. As a last resort, Jimmie thought he would appeal to Miss Hilton's religion, which she imagined was without a flaw.

"Miss Clara—" He hesitated a moment. "Surely a good Christian like yourself would not oppress the widowed and fatherless?"

"What do you call oppression?" sharply retorted Miss Hilton. "I'm sure I oppress nobody. I ask for my rights; that is all. Jimmie, I won't hear another word in favor of such a shiftless set. Go and collect the rents, and turn out whoever cannot pay up."

Jimmie Benton left the room after some papers and instructions had been put into his hands, and went thoughtfully back to the pleasant room above the coach-house.

"If I had half of Miss Hilton's income I wouldn't turn a dog out of doors such weather as this!" muttered Jimmie, looking out at the drifts of snow that lay between him and the poor people who had been battling with sickness and poverty for months back.

But the unpleasant orders of his mistress had to be obeyed. Jimmie thoughtfully examined the rent roll, and found, to his amazement, that only six tenants had failed to pay the last month's rent.

"Sixty dollars in all would cancel the debt," Jimmie thought, with a bitter smile, as he remembered the hard, money-loving woman seated in her luxurious rooms; brooding over imaginary evils.

Jimmie went to a chest in one corner of the room, and taking therefrom a large wallet, which contained the savings of many years, counted out a roll of notes and carefully put the wallet back into its hiding place.

"I'll never miss it," he said to himself, as he buttoned up his overcoat, "for I cannot bear the thoughts of a fellow-creature being turned out of house and home."

An hour later found Jimmie in front of the tenement houses, whose inmates hailed his cheery face with delight. For Jimmie's humanity was well known, and their landlady's rigorous rules had been often softened by Jimmie's wise counsel and sympathetic words.

"You bring comfort in your face, James," sighed one of the delinquent tenants—a man with an ailing wife and seven children.

"Aye, and help in my purse," smiled Jimmie.

"That would be welcome, James, for it's not a dollar I have to pay this month's rent," said the man, looking sorrowfully at his wife's pale face.

Then Jimmie modestly unfolded his plan—that of loaning each debtor enough money to pay their rent, and was overwhelmed with thanks and blessings.

This scene was but a type of many that followed; and by the time Jimmie reached the widow Nye's cottage he fancied he must be a model of generosity and unselfishness.

His plump face was rosy with blushes—for Jimmie was a bashful man—when he entered Mrs. Nye's presence.

"You've come for the rent," said the widow, who sat before a cradle, rocking it gently, her sad eyes filled with a sudden rush of tears.

"No—no, bless you, no," stammered Jimmie, dropping into a chair before the stove. "Why, your fire is out," he exclaimed in sheer amazement. "How do you stand the cold?"

"We are almost perishing," the poor woman replied, looking at a bed in one corner of the room, where two children lay under scanty covering. "I have kept Willie and Nannie in bed all day, for we had no fire, and I could not borrow fuel from my neighbors, who have little enough for themselves."

"Can you get no work?" inquired Jimmie.

"None, sir. Your mistress gave me some work sometime ago, but it displeased her The next she offered me I could not take, for this child was working in spasms at the time. It's a queer world, sir. Only the other day your mistress sent five hundred dollars to some foreign charity. Ah, how much good that would have done at home!"

Jimmie looked admiringly at the little woman in the faded black calico, who sat rocking her sick child. He had known her for years as the industrious wife of a poor mechanic, who had always found it difficult to make both ends meet. But her face was round and rosy then, for she had peace, love and a contented spirit to uphold her; and Jimmie went off in a day-dream, vaguely picturing the widow mistress of the little cottage Miss Hilton had offered him, wondering idly while he chafed his cold hands if love, care and kindness would not bring the bloom back to her thin cheeks.

"You have come for the rent?" went on Mrs. Nye, inquiringly.

"No," a burning blush crimsoned Jimmie's face, "I—I have come for you!"

"For me?" exclaimed Mrs. Nye. "How does Miss Hilton expect me to leave the child?"

"It's not Miss Hilton that wants you, it's me," stammered Jimmie, very red in the face. "I have thought of taking a wife for sometime, and I think you would suit me better than anybody I know."

"Oh!" Mrs. Nye looked a little flurried and fell to rocking the cradle vigorously, while Jimmie mopped his face with a huge silk handkerchief.

"I hope you'll not refuse me," he said in a hurried way, "for I cannot bear to give up anything I've set my heart on."

"You're a good man, Jimmie—everybody knows that," said Mrs. Nye, with a grateful look in her pretty eyes. "Your offer took me by surprise, but, Jimmie, I think I will take it."

"Aye, its better than starvation," said Jimmie with a nervous laugh.

"No, no," cried Mrs. Nye, hastily, "I do not mean that, for if I did not respect a man, I would starve before I would marry him."

In spite of the cold and discomfort Jimmie found time to tell Mrs. Nye what had started him out that bitter cold day, and modestly related the story of his "bit of charity," as he phrased it, ending by laying a bank note in the widow's hand for present expenses.

"You are a real Christian, Jimmie," was Mrs. Nye's comment, as she wiped her tearful eyes, "though, I'm sure, I don't want you to marry me out of charity."

"Charity!" scornfully cried Jimmie, boldly kissing the willing lips, "as if I don't know love from charity!"

It is wonderful what a glow that morning's work brought into Jimmie Benton's heart. He felt twenty years younger as he waded home through the snow, and his cheeks were as flushed as a schoolboy's when he entered Miss Hilton's morning room, whose amber-hued walls seemed ten degrees brighter than they did three hours ago.

"Well, Jimmie," Miss Hilton looked up from her book languidly, "how have you succeeded?"

For answer Jimmie laid a roll of bank-notes on the table at her side.

"There's your rents, ma'am. And will you grant me a favor?"

"A hundred if you like," cried his gratified mistress. "Why, Jimmie, you are the prince of collectors. I just needed this amount to fill out my subscription to the Ceylon mission."

"Charity begins at home," dryly commented Jimmie. "Will you give me the cottage at the foot of the hill, next year, mistress?"

"You? why, Jimmie, what use will it be to you—a bachelor?"

"But I'm going to marry widow Nye, ma'am."

"Saints preserve us! Is the man out of his senses?" ejaculated Miss Hilton, who believed Jimmie to be obstinately opposed to matrimony.

"I cannot let her perish, ma'am," modestly replied Jimmie, backing out of the room, "that is, if you'll let me have the house."

"Take it, and welcome," said Miss Hilton, laughing softly as Jimmie closed the door. "Well—well—there is no fool like an old fool."

But Jimmie never regretted his "bit of charity," for when plenty again blessed Miss Hilton's tenants they did not forget the husband of blooming Mrs. Benton, whose smile, Jimmie said, was like a "ray of June sunshine."

KISSES.

A kiss is a bubble of bliss
Welling up
And breaking on the coral rim
Of the heart's full cup;
Or a tremulous hiss
From a serpent that coils
To lure to its toils:
Or a balsamic drop of virtue rare
To heal deep wounds,
Or a wondrous spell to banish care:
Mighty enchantment for woe or for weal!
Thine, mother, 'twill linger through life?
Thine, my sister, was purity's seal;
Thine, oh best loved, pledged thee as wife.
—WAIF.

WHAT WILL IT COST?

We are aware that there is a feeling abroad that may have the effect of keeping away some persons who may desire to visit the Centennial Exposition; we allude to the fear of being imposed upon in the all important matter of accommodation, by an unfair advantage taken by landlords to demand exorbitant rates.

We would desire, most earnestly, to disabuse the minds of any who may have entertained such an impression, by assuring them that there is not the slightest ground whatever for any such fear as this.

There is abundant accommodation of all kinds, for any number of visitors that may come on to Philadelphia, and any one can get just the kind he may want, suited to the length of his purse.

Persons who are fortunate enough to be blessed with large means, and to whom expense is no object, will find the amplest opportunities for spending their money and in getting the most sumptuous and expensive accommodations, whereas those of more moderate circumstances and to whom money is an object, can suit themselves as to accommodations.

The following is a complete list of all hotels now open in Philadelphia, showing their locations, capacity of accommodation, and the respective rate of each *per diem*.

The European plan, adopted by the first class on our list, is one that is a very popular, and we think a just one for guests—having a fixed price for lodgings, and charging only for the meals that may be eaten. Many persons will wish to take their meals at different places during their visit, and it would therefore be hardly fair to charge them for meals of which they did not partake. We can assure our readers that there are numbers of clean, respectable restaurants where good, square meals can be obtained from twenty-five cents upwards, so that a person of an economical turn of mind, by the above plan, need not make his expenses over $2.00 to $2.50 a day, including lodging and meals.

ON EUROPEAN PLAN.

Name.	Location.	Capacity.
Atlas	Centennial Grounds.	2,500
Arlington	S. Penn sq. & Broad.	50
Aubry	Walnut & 33d Sts.	3,000
Centennial Palace	Broad & Allen'by av.	2,000
Channing House	Pine & 40th Sts.	300
Cintra	Broad & Chestnut.	50
Clarendon	115 S. Eighth St.	300
Congress Hall	Centennial Grounds.	1,000
Grand Exposition	Lancaster av., W. P.	3,000
Grand Union	Some't av & 11th St.	2,000
Gould's	Spruce & Second Sts.	250
Guy's	Chestnut & Seventh.	100
Keystone	Broad and Arch Sts.	250
Marble Terrace	Chestnut & 33d Sts.	40
Masonic Hall	Chestnut ab. Eighth.	1,000
Mercantile	23 S. Tenth St	100
Park Avenue	Park avenue	1,000
Perry	Broad & Walnut Sts.	125
Poulson	213 Walnut St.	50
Revere	223 Chestnut St.	150
St. Charles	54 N. Third St.	550
West End	1524 Chestnut St	350

TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF A DAY.

Allen	1220 Market Street	150
Bald Eagle	413 N. Second Street.	223
Barley Sheaf	207 N. Second Street.	125
Black Bear	425 N. Third Street.	150
Black Horse	328 N. Second Street.	300
Bull's Head	1025 Market Street	200
Columbia	Broad & Arch Sts	125
Commercial	826 Market Street	150
Davis	106 S. Delaware av	150
Eagle	227 N. Third Street	300
Great Western	1225 Market Street	250
Lawrence	Broad & Callowhill	100
Mansion	921 Arch Street.	150
Penn Manor	Spring Garden & 8th	200
Pennsylvania Farm	346 N. Third Street	200
Raritan	Front & Vine Streets	70
Red Lion	472 N. Second Street	250
Ridgway	1 Market Street.	500
Smedley	1227 Filbert Street.	200
St. James	310 Race Street.	200
Wyoming	446 N. Third Street.	200
Zeisse	820 Walnut Street.	150

THREE DOLLARS A DAY.

Allegheny	812 Market Street.	300
Arch Street	1 Arch Street.	200
Central avenue	831 Market Street.	250
Markoe	Chestnut ab. Ninth	250
St. Stephen's	1010 Chestnut Street	400
Union	1314 Arch Street.	200

THREE DOLLARS AND A HALF A DAY.

Merchant's House	413 N. Third Street.	400
Montgomery	413 N. Sixth Street.	175
St. Elmo	317 Arch Street.	500

FOUR DOLLARS A DAY.

American	517 Chestnut Street	650
Bingham	Market and 11th Sts.	600
Merchant's Hotel	42 N. Fourth Street	1,000
United States	423, Columbia & Elm	650
Washington	703 Chestnut Street.	400

FIVE DOLLARS A DAY.

Colonnade	Chestnut and 15th.	500
Continental	Chestnut and Ninth.	1,000
Girard	Chestnut and Ninth.	1,000
Globe	Centennial Grounds.	2,000
Irving	915 Walnut Street.	250
La Pierre	Chestnut and Broad.	400
St. Cloud	Arch and Seventh.	250
St. George	Walnut and Broad.	450
Trans-Continental	Belmont and Elm av	1,000
Total		34,385

REFINED HOMES.—Refined homes are the end of civilization. All the work of the world—the railroading, navigating, digging, manufacturing, inventing, teaching, writing, and fighting are done, first of all, to secure each family in the possession of its own hearth; and secondly, to surround as many hearths as possible with grace, and culture, and beauty. The work of all races for five thousand years is represented in the difference between a wigwam and a lady's parlor. It has no better result to show.

THINK always only of the best, and the good will very soon appear.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

MODELS of lighthouses, with the lights revolving, flash, and steady, are exhibited by the Coast Survey Service.

THE Egyptian ladies contribute their mite to the Women's Pavilion. The weight of their mite is about five hundred tons.

THE observatories of the Signal Service are shown in models, together with the apparatus used to show the velocity of wind, humidity, etc.

A NOISELESS and smokeless locomotive has been tried at Leicester, England, and will, it is stated, be sent to the Centennial. The locomotive weighs four and a half tons, and is of 20 horse power.

THE monster Krupp gun is 33 feet in length, with a bore of 35¼ centimetres, diameter 15 inches, and weighs 64 tons. It carries a projectile weighing 1600 pounds. The gun carriage weighs 47 tons.

TWO boats of interest are on exhibition in the Government Building, one of them constructed of timbers from the wreck of the Polaris, and the other is a round-bottomed boat, used by Dr. E. Kane during his last Arctic voyage.

POSTMASTER FAIRMAN has the post office in good working order, showing all the paraphernalia used in the reception and transmission of mail matter. The grounds are laid out in routes, and collections are made by the carriers every hour at all prominent points in and out of the buildings.

AMONG the exhibits in the British section, forwarded by the Secretary of State for India, is an exquisitely fine muslin, into which threads of gold are interwoven. This material is made in India exclusively for the Rajahs, and it is said that fifty yards of it can be doubled up and passed through a lady's finger-ring.

A SPACE five hundred and twenty-five feet long and one hundred feet wide is reserved to a continuous exhibition of fruit, and it is expected that tropical fruit will be on the table by opening day. Certain periods will be set apart for distinctive exhibitions. July 1st will be devoted to a special display of southern fruits, and September 11th will be given up to the American Pomological Society.

IN case that there is anybody who does not know by this time how he can be supplied with the fifty cent notes or silver pieces to pay for admission to the Centennial Exposition, we may say that the Centennial National Bank has established a branch office near each of the thirteen groups of entrances to the grounds, and at these offices the desired change will be given for notes of any denomination. It will thus be seen that there can be no possible difficulty in the matter.

THE Women's Executive Committee are publishing a weekly paper entitled "The New Century," devoted to the industrial interests of women. All departments of women's work, as represented in the Exposition, or as noted in correspondence from abroad and at home, come under consideration. All means for advancing the prosperity and extending the opportunities of woman-workers are open for suggestion and discussion in its columns. The subscription price is $2 in advance for the six months.

OURS is the first Exposition that ever conveyed goods by steam into the buildings themselves. Tracks entered into Main Building, or palace, run all through Machinery Hall and the Agricultural Building, and right up to the main entrances of the Art Gallery and Horticultural Hall and in front of most of the annexes. Goods and material from China and Japan, laden in cars at San Francisco, arrived in the same cars, without break of bulk, in a few days, within a few yards of the spot which they now occupy. No such system was ever before seen.

MR. GRANT, the large land-holder in Kansas, has just entered for competition at the International live stock show seven shorthorn cattle which he has purchased direct from the farm of Queen Victoria. The cattle are of the celebrated Booth strain, and have pedigrees almost reaching back to the herds of the Garden of Eden. With them is an animal purchased direct from Mr. Booth himself, and said, as in the case of the rest, to be of high value. Mr. Grant will also exhibit horses, sheep and swine, all of which will arrive ere long and be pastured near to Philadelphia, awaiting the opening in September.

A NOVEL feature in world's fairs is that of the "stated displays," under the auspices of the Agricultural Department, at the suggestion of the energetic chief, Mr. Burnet Landreth. The propriety of holding them was promptly recognized, and has resulted in arrangements for at least twenty-five distinct displays during the Centennial. They will add zest and variety to the continued exhibit of the same articles in other departments, and will, in themselves, constitute renewing attractions to even this great Exhibition. Besides furnishing novel features of attraction, they will call out new classes of exhibitors. To the regular visitor who may become *blasé* in 150 days attendance, the pomological *annex* will be an ever-recurring delight.

THE Bureau of Medical Service has issued a circular giving statistics representing the mortality in some of the chief cities of the world during the past four or five years, by which it is shown that Philadelphia's rate of mortality is more favorable than that found in any other city containing over 500,000 inhabitants, the average death-rate being 22.27 per thousand. The mean annual temperature of the last ten years is 53.76° Fahrenheit. The average annual rain-fall is about forty-five inches. It is proposed to issue at certain intervals other circulars, announcing in an official and accurate manner the sanitary condition of the city, so that entire security may be felt by all who desire to visit the Centennial International Exhibition.

A BRIGHT and priceless gem has just been added to the collection of Revolutionary relics—the actual miniature portrait of Washington worn by his lady up to the time of her death. The medallion is an oval, about eight inches in circumference, faithfully painted and plainly mounted in heavy gold. The reverse of the miniature contains a liberal look of hair, light brown, freely sprinkled with gray, taken from the head of the "Father of his Country." The portrait was evidently taken while Washington occupied the Presidential chair. On the death of Lady Washington this medallion, by request, went to Mrs. Tobias Lear, her niece, whose husband was Washington's favorite private secretary. It is now owned by Mrs. Wilson Eyre, of Newport, Rhode Island, formerly of Philadelphia, who is a granddaughter of Mrs. Lear. Colonel Frank M. Etting has also secured the companion piece to this relic, the miniature of Martha Washington, worn by her husband up to his death.

THE following order has been issued regulating the hours of opening and closing the Exhibition:

General Order.

1st. Until further orders, commencing May 10, the Exhibition will be open to the public at 9 A. M.

2d. The grounds and buildings will be open to exhibitors and employees at 7 A. M. Entrance at designated gates.

3d. Supplies will be admitted to the grounds and refuse must be removed between the hours of 4 A. M. and 8 A. M.

4th. A signal will be given at 6 P. M., when all visitors must retire from the buildings, and exhibitors must clean their spaces. A second signal will be given at 6.30 P. M., when the admission gates and buildings will be closed.

5th. The exit gates will be closed at 8 P. M.

A signal will be given at 7.30 P. M., when all persons, except officials and employees entitled to remain, must retire from the grounds.

A. T. GOSHORN, Director-General.
Philadelphia, May 8, 1876.

THE great statue by the French sculptor, Bartholdi, which it is proposed to erect in New York harbor, is to be first placed in the Centennial Exhibition. It is called "Liberty Lighting the World." The Messager Franco-American, of New York, has a correspondent who thus describes it: "The colossus is now to be seen in Paris, by the friends and the assistants of the sculptor, in his studio in the Rue du Commandeur, near the Orleans barrier. It is one of the most grandiose statues that we have ever seen, being without parallel as to dimensions. Entering the studio we have to look up to the ceiling, seemingly lost in the clouds, to see the head of liberty, but it is impossible. Our head hardly reaches to the formidable mass which represents the right ankle. As for the calf, it rises as big as a cedar, and seems to have no end. Several yards higher up is the thigh, huge as an Armstrong gun; then the enormous hip. The folds of the drapery would hold whole barrels of water. The chest expands to titanic proportions. The neck rises from the shoulders like the trunk of an oak, and on this vast breadth of shoulders, which could hardly be contained between the two walls of the Rue Coquilliere, rises the magnificent head of the goddess, with its vigorous nose, its haughty look and its gracious mouth. The right arm is extended like an enormous weapon of metal, and holds the torch, inside of which three men can easily walk, when the colossus shall have been hoisted to its place on the island in New York harbor. In a week the bronze will be ready for casting the figure. The model has just been finished in plaster. It is superb."

was passably safe at the Maze, he would have been less uneasy: but a secret instinct, that he surely believed was a prevision, warned him of danger.

"I wish with my whole heart, Adam, that you had never come here!" broke from him, in his dire perplexity, the reiterated cry.

Sir Adam threw down the Art Journal, and turned to confront his brother, leaning a little forward in his chair. His face was flushed, his voice took a tone of passion, even his beautiful teeth looked stern.

"Karl, did you ever try to realize to yourself all the horrors of my position at Portland?" he asked. "I, a gentleman, with a gentleman's habits—and a man to whom freedom of wi l and of limb was as the very essence of life—was condemned forever to a manacled confinement; to mate with fe ons; to be pointed at as one of a herd of convict laborers. A felon myself, you will perhaps say; but I do not recognize it. Had I been guilty of aught disgraceful? No. What I did in shooting that man Scott I was perfectly justified in doing; after my solemn warning to him. Remember, it was my wife he insulted that evening; not simply, as the world was allowed to believe, my young neighbor, Miss Rose Turner. What should you feel if some low reprobate seized your wife, Lucy, before your eyes, and pressed his foul kisses on her innocent face? Your blood would be up I take it."

"Adam, since I knew she was your wife I have held you justified."

"To go on. Can you realize a tithe of what it was for me on Portland Island?"

"From the time you went there until I heard of your death, I never ceased to realize it in my own soul night or day."

"Karl, I believe it. I remember what your sensitively tender nature always used to be. And we did care for each other, old fellow."

"Ay, and do."

"Well, compare that life I escaped from with this that I lead now. Here I am, so to say, a free man, at perfect liberty within these small bounds, my wife for my companion, my table at my command, master of my own estate, the revenues of which I divide with you that you may be the baronet to the world and keep up Foxwood. As fate has fallen, Karl, I could not be so happy anywhere as here."

"I know; I know. But it is the risk I fear."

"There must be some risk everywhere."

"Answer me truly—as you would to your own heart, Adam. If by some miracle you could be transported safely to a far-off land, would you not feel more secure than here?"

"Yes. And for Rose's sake I would go if I could; she is just as apprehensive here as you. But I can't. When Smith says I must not attempt to get away, he is right. I feel that he is. The man's interest lies in my safety."

"Just so," said Karl. "Smith is the stumbling-block."

"Well, he holds the reins, you see. It is no use trying to fight against his opinion. I can't afford to come to a rupture with him. Good heavens, Karl! fancy him sending me back in irons to Portland! That will never be, however," added Sir Adam, more calmly, "for I would not be taken alive. I or my capturers should fall."

He put his hands inside his white waistcoat, and showed the end of a pistol. One he kept close to him night and day, always loaded, always ready.

And so the interview ended in nothing, just as others had ended.

A black cloud, threatening thunder, had come over the summer's night when Karl went out. It did not seem to him half so dark as the trouble at his own heart. He would have given his life freely, to purchase security for his brother.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW THEY HANG MEN IN CHINA.

I observed one mode of Chinese capital punishment known as the "cage." The "cage" used was between two and three feet square, and over six feet high. Near the bottom was a close floor of plank. The four sides were open work of plank palings. The planks composing the cover were made to fit around a man's neck, close enough to hang him, but not close enough to strangle him. The condemned man was put into this cage, his head projecting above, the cover fitting around his neck, and under his feet a number of bricks, one above the other, just enough to enable him to stand on tiptoe. When this position from weariness became unendurable his only relief was to hang by his neck. The design is to make a man suffer as much as possible, but not to kill him too quickly. Usually, after a criminal has been standing thus for a day or so, one of the bricks is removed, and then another, until he hangs by his neck altogether. It is said that a strong man ordinarily will endure this torture several days before life becomes extinct.

On the present occasion death was hastened more quickly. The man was put into the cage on Sunday afternoon, I believe, about one o'clock. I heard of it on Monday morning, and went over to Amoy about two o'clock in the afternoon to see him. He had then been dead some time. The guard said that he died just before daylight; that he was conscious of having committed great crimes, and had hastened his own death by kicking the bricks from under his feet. But the people said (privately) that the guard wished to get rid of their charge that they might prepare to keep New Year's day (the Chinese New Year was near at hand), and therefore had taken the bricks from under his feet during the night. This probably was the fact.

THE FATAL THIRTEEN.—There are silly stories in the papers about the superstitious notions of the late A. T. Stewart, and his belief in signs and omens, lucky days, places, persons, events, etc. But it is a curious thing, as well as a true one, related of the so-called superstitions, or whatever they may be called, that seemed to linger in his mind, that at the very last of the usual Sunday dinner parties given in his house before his death, there was present at the table, the unlucky number of thirteen persons. He had always previously avoided that number. It is also a curious fact, that on this occasion, the unlucky omen was noticed by one of the thirteen guests, who said to another of them that there would be a death in the house. In eight days afterward, the master of the house lay dead in a chamber not far from the dining-room.—*New York Sun.*

WHITE AZALEAS.

Azaleas—whitest of white!
White as the drifted snow
Fresh-fallen out of the night,
Before the coming glow
Tinges the morning light.
When the light is like the snow?
White:
And the silence is like the light—
Light, and silence, and snow—
All—white!

White! not a hint
Of the creamy tint
That a rose will hold
(The whitest rose) in its inmost fold,
Nor a possible blush;
White as an embodied hush;
A very rapture of white,
A wedlock of silence and light.
White, white as the wonder undefiled
Of Eve just wakened in Paradise;
Sure as the angel of a child
That looks into God's own eyes.

—*Scribner.*

A SAILOR'S FORTUNE.

A Romance of the Land and the Ocean.

By FRED HUNTER.

CHAPTER VII.

PREPARING FOR A STRUGGLE.

Upon recovering from the shock which the notary's recital had occasioned her, Madame Denoir found that he had retired. She had not lost his final words as he departed, and she felt that they were full of import.

"The villain!" she murmured to herself, "can it be possible that he has entangled me thus in his clutches? Why should I be his victim? Marry him!" she continued, fiercely, "marry him! Sooner would I sacrifice every iota of the wealth which is involved in this plot—sooner would I submit to beggary. No; Marie Denoir has erred, and she may be crushed at last; but Martini shall not vanquish her, at any rate. A little diplomacy; a little delay; a ruse or two, perhaps, and I may be the victor. We shall see, monsieur," she continued, seemingly relieved after her reflections. "We shall see!"

Her eyes had now suddenly been opened. She turned over in her mind every circumstance that she could collect having any bearing upon the case; she called up all that the notary had divulged, and conned it over again and again. She discredited Martini's assurances and his asseverations; she doubted all things and hoped for the best in the future. Resolved at length to give the scoundrel battle if she were forced into an attitude of self-defence through his treachery, she summoned all her self-possession, and having calmed herself sufficiently, she determined upon her course and rang for her attendant.

"Has Mademoiselle Flora retired?" she asked, as the servant entered.

"No, madame," was the reply. "I have but just left her, and she desires to see you."

"It is well; send her to me."

Flora entered the apartment shortly afterwards, and greeted madame cordially. There was the slightest show of disturbance only on the countenance of madame, and Flora, misconstruing her emotion, said:

"Dear madame, pardon me, but do you think this terrible news can be true? Is he probably lost?"

This query seemed a fortunate one under the circumstances, and madame quickly availed herself of a reply to explain without effort her visible uneasiness.

"I trust, Flora, that this is a false rumor. Indeed, I have cause to suspect that we may have been misinformed, and that the disaster thus briefly recounted is a mistake—or that it may have no reference whatever to Elmir Fonblanc."

"Do you think so, madame?" exclaimed the young lady with undisguised pleasure; "do you really think so? That would indeed be joyful."

"Such may be the case, Flora. Nevertheless, it is possible that the record may be true, and we may have lost our hope. Still, I shall not rest satisfied with the existing state of things, and I have sent for you now to say that I shall take a place in the diligence at daybreak to-morrow, and shall proceed at once to Havre to inquire into this and other matters of importance to you and myself, in connection with this affair."

"And may I not join you, madame?" asked Flora, at once.

"No, not this time. I must leave you to entertain monsieur the notary to-morrow."

"Martini?"

"Yes; he will call to see me, he said, on the morrow."

"Madame, I do not fancy Martini."

"And why not, pray?"

"Is he your friend truly, madame?" queried Flora, indisposed to give offence to her whom she so deeply loved, but not a little suspicious still.

"No, Flora," said madame, quickly, "I do not deem him my friend. Notwithstanding this, however, he has left me to-night with the assurance that he will come again to-morrow, and I have no desire to see him. I shall proceed immediately to Havre, and will communicate with you constantly, that you may know what is my purpose and what is my success."

"I shall be very lonely, madame, now."

"Not at all, Flora. You have the same pleasures and enjoyments to pursue that you ever had, and I shall not be absent a great many days at farthest. When monsieur calls, say I am gone to Paris—for I shall proceed to the capital before my return—and treat him as you have ever had occasion to heretofore. For the present it must be so, and for the future—I will explain to you my course and my intentions as circumstances may warrant."

"I submit to your directions, dear madame, and will observe your instructions."

"Do so, Flora; and now, good-night."

The gentle girl kissed her friend, and retired. As the door closed behind her retreating form, a tear fell from the eyelids of Madame Denoir, who, be she what she might, deeply loved that tender girl whom she had fostered and protected from her birth.

The order had been given in the proper quarters, and at daybreak Madame Denoir, unattended, took a seat in the diligence for the north. She was a proud woman, and her resolution, once taken, was not easily thwarted.

She determined to head off the scheme of the notary if he had deceived her—and she did not doubt that he had undertaken to coerce her without the power to carry out his plans. At all events, she would satisfy herself beyond doubt or question, and trust to further developments for the result, be it what it might.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELMIR FONBLANC'S ADVENTURES AS A SAILOR.

A glorious morning sun was shining on the coast of Portugal a few days subsequently to the events just narrated, and the ancient hilltops and fine old castellated buildings of Lisbon were gilded with the brilliant rays of the day god as he rose high in the heavens.

The bay in front of the city was dotted with every description of craft, from the tiny dory of the impoverished fisherman to the magnificent ship from foreign climes. At the principal quay lay numerous small vessels, loading with fruits and wines, or discharging their assorted cargoes brought from other lands; and strolling about might be seen the indolent *lazzaroni* of the vicinity in their tattered dress and careless abandonment, all unconcerned for the future, and seemingly content that the sun shone upon them or that they had a being.

A short distance below the spot where the bustle appeared to be the greatest, there was moored a small brig, from the peak of which there hung a French flag, and which was ready loaded, and about to sail as soon as the breeze freshened. Her crew had been shipped some days previously, but a young man, apparently twenty years old, made his appearance near the gang-plank, and addressing the first officer, who leaned against the rail, he asked:

"Is the captain aboard, monsieur?"

The mate looked at the interrogator and answered:

"Yes; what will you have?"

"I would like to see him. Shall I come on board?"

"You're a sailor, are you not?"

"Yes, monsieur; and I would like to join your crew, if I may."

"Our complement of men is made up, and we have no need of further assistance."

"Can I see the captain?"

"It will be useless—but you can try him. Go below," he continued. "The master is in the cabin."

The young man quickly followed this advice, and found the master of the vessel, as he had been directed.

"*Bon jour*, monsieur!" said the youth pleasantly and respectfully upon reaching the table at which the captain was engaged in writing some letters. The person thus addressed turned about and said, "good day, young man; what can I do for you?"

He was a fine looking man of past fifty, and the address of the youthful stranger pleased him. He looked at the boy a moment, and saw that his face was intelligent and that he was one evidently above the ordinary character of seamen. "You are ready to sail and I would join you in your voyage. The French ensign floating from your peak attracted me, for it is the flag of my country, and I would return home in a French bottom, if possible, monsieur."

"We are bound to London, young man, with the first fair wind, and from thence we shall return to Marseilles. But whence do you now come?"

"I have been in Lisbon only two days, monsieur, and am destitute. I am anxious to get back to France. I shipped on board the "Pasquelle," from Havre, some months ago, and after a prosperous outward voyage were on our return and were wrecked near the Spanish coast two weeks since. I was fortunate enough to escape with my life, and have found my way hither after some pretty rough treatment on sea and land! I am something of a sailor, monsieur, and will join you for small pay—since I may thus return home again in company with my countrymen."

"We are well provided—"

"So your first officer informed me."

"But we are not going to Havre."

"It doesn't matter, captain. I will serve you to the best of my ability, and you may leave me on your arrival in the Thames with such an amount of remuneration as your own generosity may dictate."

The captain agreed to this finally and our young friend, Fonblanc (who had thus escaped death and who had found his way to this port), was accordingly registered among the crew of the good brig "Belle," Captain Stanville, bound to London. Elmir had a berth assigned him at once in the forecastle, and he very quickly showed himself to be a good sailor for his age, both to his messmates and the officers of the brig.

When the vessel got under way the youngster (as the old tars called him) was the first man in the rigging, the tautest on a pull, the smartest at a reefing, the quickest at obeying any given order, and the merriest among the mess, when below. His superiors watched him with a good deal of interest, and, as he thus came in the way of some show of favoritism, though he aimed to avoid it, the men soon became jealous of him; and he found that in spite of his best efforts to the contrary, he was to be made as uncomfortable as possible. Notwithstanding this, however, he submitted with the best grace he could to the constant annoyance he met with, and consoled himself that the voyage would fortunately be a brief one.

The crew of the brig were a dubious set of rascals, and a good deal of trouble had been experienced with them already. Two of them, who were Portuguese, and a third a Spaniard, had given evidence of discontent and mischievous inclinations from the day they shipped—but the officers were on the *qui vive*, and no open demonstrations were offered of a serious character until the week prior to the arrival of the "Belle" off the Thames river.

For three or four days the trio had often been observed to be together, conversing in broken French and Spanish, and evidently arranging some plan for an assault upon the officers! The captain could not be convinced of it, however, until at the last moment. The watch had been changed, so that but one of them could be on deck at a time—but still they found means to confer together; and a plot was finally discovered that they had arranged to seize upon the vessel and cargo!

On the last day but one before reaching the mouth of the Thames, the captain sent for Elmir, and upon sounding him found that he could be relied on. Four others of the crew were also questioned closely, and the officers having thoroughly armed themselves an order was suddenly given to summon "all hands on deck!" Seven of the crew, including the three desperadoes alluded to, remained suddenly below—refusing to respond! The captain returned hastily to his cabin, and placing a cutlass in the hands of Elmir and those whom he had previously tried, ordered them up to aid in defending the brig from the mutiny which was now too apparent to be longer trifled with.

By this time the scoundrels who had hatched up the plot to take the vessel found that whatever they had to do was now to be done—or it would very quickly be too late. Rushing with a wild hurrah of defiance up the forecastle hatchway the desperate knaves dashed aft, with uplifted knives and whirling handspikes; and their attack was so furious and so sudden, with an equal number of men only to oppose them, that their onslaught was well nigh successful!

Three of the well-disposed portion of the crew had been felled to the deck, when a pistol shot was heard, and the Spaniard staggered forward and sunk in his tracks, fearfully wounded. The captain and mate rushed into the melee with the stoutest determination, and Elmir, backed by two heavy sailors, met the two Portuguese and a third man, just as they mounted the quarter-deck. The contest was brief, however. The firearms in the hands of the defenders of the brig executed sad havoc, and the chances were too unequal! A third and fourth man among the assailants fell beneath the steady stroke of young Elmir, who was foremost in his duty, and the rascals were vanquished.

The wind was blowing fresh from the westward, and the helmsman had become alarmed and left his post for a moment. The brig broached to, and before she could be brought up, her sails were all aback, and the utmost consternation succeeded. Elmir was hurt—and though the blood flowed freely from a deep cut upon the side of his head, he sprang to the wheel and soon threw off the brig's head to the wind again. The officers managed to secure the villains who had been disabled in the conflict, and the rest skulked to the forecastle, whence they were subsequently taken, placed in irons, and were thus carried prisoners into London—where the brig arrived, on the third day following the mutiny.

The wound received by Elmir proved a serious one, and when the "Belle" came to anchor in the stream, our hero was insensible to what was transpiring about him. A delirious fever set in two days before, and he was in a very precarious condition when the vessel came to her anchorage. The master of the brig proceeded to the authorities immediately, the mutineers were taken ashore, the Spaniard had died from his wounds and had been buried, and young Elmir was placed upon a litter and conveyed to the London Hospital, utterly unconscious of what was going on, or what would be his future fate. His case was duly represented bp the captain of the "Belle," and every care was bestowed upon the poor wounded sailor by those who took him in charge. He had conducted himself most valiantly, but his chances for recovery were found to be exceedingly questionable.

CHAPTER IX.

MADAME DENOIR IN HAVRE.

In a quiet and retired street in Havre, which was frequented but little by the citizens, on account of its difficulty of approach from the principal thoroughfares of the town, there was located a man who had but lately reached the place, and whose business was apparently very insignificant. He was a lawyer by profession—but, judging from the time he occupied in the little apartment which he dignified by the name of "his office," his practice was but small!

Monsieur Lemoine—for such was the name he was known by—was a singular looking and a more singular acting personage. But he interfered with the business of no one, he contracted no accounts, his acquaintances were very few, and he lived, seemingly, without a thought for any body or any particular object, in the future. He had occupied his little office some weeks—off and on—and customers were few and far between, thus far, in his experience.

Upon her arrival in Havre, Madame Denoir desired to consult with an attorney upon the course she should pursue; and she looked about for a legal counsellor. She chanced to be passing through the Rue de la Platte, when she discovered a modest sign, upon a very modest dwelling, which read, "Lemoine, Attorney and Counsellor." On her return to her hotel, she met with a card bearing the same address, at "La Rue de la Platte, No. 54." It was a strange affair, but the servant left this card with her, among others, in reply to her wish to learn the address of two or three gentlemen of the law. An hour afterwards, she ordered a cab, and was set down at the attorney's door.

On being shown into the little room, she saw a decrepit man of most uncommon appearance and demeanor, who rose to greet her, and who bowed very low, as she entered. He was over fifty, hunch-backed, and nervous in his movements—and his whole contour was very forbidding. His complexion was dingy, his eyes were screened with a huge pair of green goggles, and a very high plaited white neckerchief enveloped his throat, over which he seemed to peep at his visitor, in a most curious and disagreeable manner. His voice was squeaking and woman-like, his dress was of the most marked and eccentric fashion; and, altogether, he seemed a living caricature, rather than a respectable human being. But madame had been attracted to his office out of curiosity, and she thought that in spite of his queer exterior, he might be of service to her; and so she resolved to try him.

"I have called for professional advice, monsieur," she said. "I am a stranger in Havre, and I desire that our interview may be confidential."

Without replying, Lemoine directed his attendant to retire—and thus said:

"You might have called upon a more noted attorney, madame, but you could not have honored any one who would more willingly and earnestly serve you. What is your business?"

"Some months ago, a relative of mine died, leaving me his estate——"

"A large one, madame?" squeaked the attorney, stooping over his desk, and commencing a memoranda of the statement.

"Yes, monsieur. That is, sufficiently large to be worth the retaining."

"And there arise doubts as to the titles, madame, I suppose?"

"No, monsieur. Listen to me, please, and I will explain."

"I beg your pardon—proceed, madame."

"The estate so left, monsieur, I have now enjoyed for a year, and more—and a codicil to the will has just been found."

"A codicil!"

"Yes. By this instrument, I am cut off from two-thirds of the property."

"Is the codicil registered?"

"No, monsieur."

"Where is the document?"

"In the possession of a scoundrel, who is determined to make use of it to my detriment."

"Then you wish to retain possession of the whole, and——"

"I wish to retain my rights, whatever they may be," said madame, quickly.

"Then you must get possession of that codicil, before it shall have been placed on record, madame."

"I cannot do this."

"Then you have no case, madame—that is very clear. The codicil will take precedence of your claim, by all means. If the possessor of the writing can be induced——"

"That is it, monsieur—that is just what I desire to effect; I would get possession of the instrument, and will pay roundly to do so."

"It is not so easy, that! Who holds this codicil now, madame?"

"Ah, monsieur! It is in the hands of a desperate man, whom it is difficult to deal with."

"Yet he may be managed," said the attorney, as if confident of his own skill. "I say he may be—but you will find it necessary to deal with your counsel in detail, madame, if you would succeed—and be frank in your instructions and assertions."

"Such are my intentions, monsieur."

"Who is the possessor of this codicil, then?"

"Martini, the notary."

"Martini, of Paris?" exclaimed the attorney, starting.

"The same, monsieur."

"I know him, madame. He is shrewd and cautious, to a fault."

"Could not money—a liberal outlay—induce him to yield, think you?"

"That depends entirely upon what his object may be; that is to say—if mere pecuniary gain is his aim, we could contrive to manage him. But, if Martini has any object else, which he has set his mind on, and chances to have the power in his own hands—he is a man to use that power, be sure of it, madame!"

There was a strange earnestness in the lawyer's manner, which left a singular impression upon the heart of the lady who now appealed to him—and she feared that his words would prove too true! She rallied, however, and added:

"Monsieur, I have ready means at my command, and I am amply able to reward you if you accomplish the object I have now spoken of. Everything is at stake with me in this matter; and I would get possession of that codicil, seasonably. If you can succeed in this—I will pay you fifty thousand francs for the document, when you shall place it in my hands, provided it has not been previously registered."

"Fifty thousand francs is a large sum, madame!"

"It is nothing to the value of that codicil to me, when once cancelled, monsieur. Will you undertake it?"

"I will, madame."

"When?"

"Forthwith."

"It is well. You say you know Martini?"

"Yes—by reputation. He is one of the foremost in the profession in France. I will communicate with him, directly. Who are the other parties to this will?"

"It matters nothing," said the lady, "since they are minors. Once the codicil is in my possession, I will provide for them."

"And if you do not succeed in ob aining the instrument, what is the result, madame?"

"I must obtain it!"

"So you shall, if I can aid you to do so, assuredly! Fifty thousand francs, you said, I think," continued the attorney, assuming a deep interest in this extravagant offer.

"Yes," responded the lady. "I will pay you that sum for your own services, and I authorize you to pay Martini his price—be it what it may—in addition to this amount, if he will deliver into your hands that paper."

"The proposal is a liberal one, truly."

"I am aware of that—and I will satisfy you that I am able to perform my part of the contract."

"I do not doubt you, madame. How came the notary in possession of this codicil?" queried the attorney, at last, evidently desirous to begin his job with a clear understanding of all its bearings.

"He says it was placed in his keeping by the doner, just before his decease. But Martini is a villain, monsieur; and villains are easily managed."

"Not always, madame. He is cunning and well advised, and in a matter of this kind, would be difficult to deal with. Still I fancy he may be induced to compromise, unless he has insuperable objections to interfere with our proposals. Has any offer ever been made him, as yet?"

"No, monsieur," said the lady. And then she added, "that is—I have made him none."

"Has he been applied to?"

"Yes—yes—and his terms are——"

"Then he has proposed terms?" exclaimed the attorney, evidently surprised at this turn of the affair.

"You are correct, monsieur. He has offered to take the property to himself—and with it, the person of your humble servant! For this, he will destroy the codicil."

"Oho! This is the state of the case, eh!"

"You now know all, monsieur."

"And you decline to wed him?"

"Most determinately, monsieur."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not, madame," continued the attorney, with a grin.

"I would sooner be made a beggar, and starve—monsieur! I despise him, and would gladly pay liberally to get rid of him."

"Well, madame—I comprehend your object; and will give you my best efforts to arrange the affair. I will wait on you, in ten days—and report."

Madame thanked the attorney, left her address, deposited a heavy purse of gold with him, as a retaining fee, and departed in excellent spirits.

As she went out, a fiendish smile lighted up the attorney's ape-like countenance, and he said to himself:

"I shall succeed, even yet!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIKE most garments, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or, you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never cast a shadow on both sides at once.

LAYING OUT A SMALL GARDEN.

BY JAMES VICK.

"How shall I arrange my little front yard, of less than thirty feet square, to make it look the best?" writes a new correspondent. It is not well to have every little garden an exact copy of its neighbor, for there is beauty in diversity. In gardening it is best not to attempt more than we can accomplish, but to do everything in the best possible manner. In so small a space the plan should be simple. Much has been written against straight walks, and in consequence there has, for some years, been a mania for curved paths, and many little front yards have been sadly disfigured by a desperate attempt to make a graceful curve in a little walk leading from the street to the front door, and perhaps not more than twenty feet in length. All such walks should be straight, and the attempt to make them otherwise is ridiculous. With a good, neat and broad walk to the front door; from this a narrower one leading to the rear of the house, you have all the walks necessary, and all that will look well. In a lot only thirty feet in width, the walk leading to the front door will be, of course, only a few feet from one side of the lot, leaving space for a little unbroken lawn about twenty by thirty feet, if the house should stand thirty feet from the street. The space on the other side of the walk will be only a narrow border. Have all the space not used for the walk graded nicely, and covered with grass, either by sodding or sowing seed. Seed must be sown in early fall or spring, and sodding should be done at the same seasons. Keep the grass in perfect order by frequent cutting, and it will look well at all times, except during severe drouths in the middle of summer. If it can have a soaking of water once or twice a week, it will be as green as emerald in the Northern States from April to November, and in some places nearly or quite the whole year. Kentucky Blue Grass or lawn grass seed, which is about the same, is the best seed to sow.

Now we have the foundation of all ornamental gardening, a good walk and a well kept lawn, and there is little more to do—only just a little ornamenting or gilding. This must be done sparingly. Profuse ornamentation outrages all good taste, so we will make a bed in the middle of the lawn, of some simple form, a circle or an oval. This would look well filled with caladimus and cannas. If these should be too expensive, ten cents' worth of striped and blotched petunia seed would give plants enough for two such beds, and would be exceedingly showy, and endure all summer. Thanks to a kind Providence, beauty is cheap—almost, and often entirely, without money or price. A few shrubs around the edges of the little lawn, perhaps to screen the fence or any other object, some climbers over the front door, like the astrolochia, and a climbing rose at or near the corner of the house farthest from the door, and you have done about all that can be done to beautify so small a space. Instead of the flower-bed in the center of the lawn it would not be a bad plan to substitute a fine, well filled vase, with a small bed of flowers near each corner, or a few half-moon shaped beds near the fences.

Garden work needs a large stock of patience, and we are pleased that it is so; it is an excellent discipline for an irritable temper. Things will not all prove satisfactory for the first season; but we see reason to hope for better things next year, and we have enough success to give us faith in the future. What a grand school for the culture of patience, faith and hope! Then some of our work proves to be in excellent taste, while a portion we dislike, and resolve to change and improve another year. Thus, while we improve our gardens we improve ourselves, and while they get handsomer we get, at least, better. We propose no model, therefore, for any garden, and only give a few suggestions to set people thinking and working—just the key-note to get the tune properly started.

MATRIMONIAL DIFFICULTIES.

A couple in Kingston, who undertook to get married some time since, went, accompanied by the bridesmaid and groomsman, to a church, and were ushered into the sacred edifice and escorted to the altar by the sexton, who, however, got the parties rather mixed up, stationing the bridesmaid next to the bridegroom, and the bride and groomsman in corresponding wrong places. The clergyman, not noticing the mistake, went on with the ceremony, and began marrying the bridesmaid to the bridegroom, when the bride served an injunction on him by exclaiming that she was the marrying party.

The mistake being remedied, the clergyman made another attempt, and the performance went smoothly along until it came time for the bridegroom to produce the ring which was essential to the completion of the ceremony. But when that gentleman felt in his vest pocket it wasn't there; in the other, not there; in the trowsers pocket, not there; and then he felt to the bottom of the remaining pocket, and finally exclaimed: "Well, sure, there is a hole in my pocket and the ring slipped down into my boot."

And the only way to finish the ceremony was for the bridegroom to sit down, pull of his boot, take out the ring, pull on his boot, and put the ring where it ought to have gone, and walk out with his bride, all of which he did.

REVIEWER'S NOTES.

Kindergarten Occupations. These might well be named "Helps for Mothers. Specimens sent us by the publisher, E. Steiger, *New York*, furnish materials for months of amusement for the little ones, whose frequent cry, "What shall I do?" taxes the ingenuity of the most thoughtful parents. Nor are these mere playthings. They are the result of careful study by Froebel, the great author of the Kindergarten System of education, whose genius has found, in attractive plays for children, the means of natural and successful education. This system is rapidly extending in this country, and the valuable publications of Mr. Steiger, which embrace the fullest information and appliances, bring its methods within the reach of all who desire the rational education of the little ones.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Messrs. J. E. Ditson & Co., Music Publishers, Boston, New York and Philadelphia, the following:

"Brazilian Grand March." Arranged by H. Maylath; dedicated to Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil.

"America's Centennial Grand March." By D. L. Downing. This is very handsomely gotten up, with a beautiful lithographic title-page in colors, and is pronounced to be one of the most artistic productions in sheet music ever used in this country.

Priscilla recovered sufficiently to be led up the corkscrew staircase, and before departing cast a piteous look at the minister.

"I should be the last to fling a shadow on your happiness," she said, "but I thought you'd never marry again. I thought your mind was lifted above it; or that if you did, it would be some one of a suitable age, and with a mind fit to match with yours. But the human heart is a mystery."

And with a strangled sob Priscilla drooped her disordered head upon her sister's shoulder, and suffered herself to be assisted up the corkscrew staircase, an operation which occasioned some bumping of heads and rapping of elbows at awkward turns in the stair.

CHAPTER XI.

"WE ARE IN LOVE'S LAND TO-DAY."

A sleepless night shed the sober light of reason upon those clouds of sentiment which had obscured Miss Priscilla Webling's mind. "When all is done," said Reason, "you know but too well that you had no hope of having Joshua for a husband, suitable as might have been such an union, blessed as you might have made his days by your cherishing and ministration. You know yourself a creature especially adapted to be an Independent minister's wife; but his eyes have been blinded to that fact: he could not pierce the modest veil in which maidenhood enfolded you, and discern the image of the perfect wife behind it. His mind, too much given to spiritual things to be acute upon earthly matters, has been caught by the surface beauty of a foolish child. It is for you to pity rather than resent an error for which he will doubtless pay dearly when he lies down in damp sheets, or drinks tea made with half-boiled water, or eats potatoes as hard as stones, and suffers in various other ways from the mistakes of an inexperienced housekeeper; to say nothing of the likelihood that so young a wife may be dressy and flighty, and given to standing at her door of afternoons gossiping, to the neglect of the housework."

Thus counselled by reason, Priscilla assisted at the seven o'clock breakfast with a tranquil demeanor, and even smiled upon Joshua with an assumed cheerfulness, which had some element of the heroic.

"I hope you do not think my choice foolish or blameworthy," said Joshua, meekly, as Deborah helped him to fried potatoes and bacon.

"Indeed, dear Mr. Haggard, marriage is such a serious consideration—and a second marriage, where there are grown-up children, more particularly—that I don't feel qualified to form an opinion. Cynthia is a good girl, as girls go; that I should be sorry to deny, after the way she nursed me through my quinsey last winter. But there's a wide difference between a servant-girl and a minister's wife, and a great deal will be expected of her in that position."

"I am not afraid," said Joshua, "if I can but make her happy. In the innocence of her heart she has given me her love. God give me grace to keep and strengthen that affection in the days to come!"

"She has so much reason to be grateful to you," began Priscilla.

"I am not talking of gratitude," interrupted Joshua, almost angrily. "She has given me her love. I know not why I am so blessed; but I know that she loves me. It is the rich reward of all my days of care and toil. I have not felt my labor heavy. I have no foolish pride in my work; but the sum of it has perhaps been pleasing in the sight of Heaven, and this reward has been granted to me—love and renewed youth, a life that seems beginning again from the starting-point of twenty years. I feel as young as on the day I first preached in Penmoyle—before there was a chapel here—on the bit of green waste at the opening of the lane that leads to Mr. Pamble's farm."

"That was four-and-twenty years ago," said Deborah; "for it was the very year father died, and sister and I walked through the dusty lanes in our new mourning to hear you."

This, to Deborah's mind, was almost equal in self-sacrifice to walking over red-hot plowshares.

"It was before we opened the school," said Priscilla, "and when folks were recommending us to take situations as housekeepers, instead of profiting by our education."

"I feel as young as I felt that day—four-and-twenty years ago," exclaimed Joshua, triumphantly.

This was an intoxication of the mind which seemed to the Miss Weblings fraught with peril. It was a positive duty to say something depressing.

"Ah," sighed Priscilla, "if poor Mrs. Haggard could have looked forward to this in her long illness, she would have felt it trying. It's a blessing that we're not permitted to see into the future."

"I am not going to act hastily," said Joshua, ignoring this dismal suggestion. "I thought it my duty to tell you my intentions without delay; but I shall tell no one else awhile, not even my son and daughter. I shall leave Cynthia with you for some time longer. She shall have time for reflection—many peaceful days in which to consider the promise she has made me. If any change should come to her mind, if she should discover that she has been mistaken in her feelings towards me, I shall be ready to set her free. It will need but a word from her to loosen the bond between us. I shall tell her this before we part. If she hold steadfast to her promise of last night, I shall come back to fetch her before this year is ended. Meanwhile I know that you will be kind to her, and that she will be happy with you."

"We have always tried to do our duty by her," returned Deborah, rather stiffly.

She could not quite forgive Mr. Haggard for his absurd choice, when the superior mind of her sister had been lying open before him for these last twenty years like a wise and valuable book, and he had not had the sense to read it.

"I'm afraid she'll be puffed up by the change in her prospects," suggested Priscilla, "and not so obedient and dutiful as she has been. We can hardly expect it of her under the circumstances."

"I do not think you will find any difference," said Joshua. "She is sincerely grateful to you for your goodness to her."

"Yes; but in our case her gratitude does not turn into love," retorted Priscilla, sharply.

Cynthia brought in the tea-kettle to make the tea, and took it out again to be kept on the boil on the kitchen-hob, with a meekness which seemed to give the lie to her mistresses' doubts; and presently, when Joshua had finished his breakfast and went out to the kitchen to bid his newly-betrothed good-bye, he found her scrubbing the deal-table with vigorous industry, which had brought a vivid pink to the fair young face.

She put down the scrubbing-brush, and he took her in his arms and kissed her—with a kiss that was fatherly in its protecting gentleness, lover-like in its suppressed passion.

"Dearest love," he said softly, holding her in his embrace all the while, and looking down at her with tender seriousness, "I am going to leave you for a few months. I am going away, dear, so that you may look into your heart and be very sure the love you talked of last night is real, and not a childish fancy which may melt away like the memory of a dream when we awake. In our sleep we wander in a beautiful garden, and clasp the hand of a friend—loved and dead perhaps long ago; and in the morning we awake, and there is nothing left of our dream—hardly a memory. Your love for me might be like that, Cynthia."

"No, no," she answered, eagerly, looking up into his eyes—"no, it is real, like your goodness, like your wisdom."

"I am old enough to be your father, Cynthia. I have a daughter older than you."

"What has that to do with it? I did not think about your age when I began to love you."

"When did you begin to do that, sweet one?"

"When you went away from here I felt that there was something else gone out of my life, and I knew that I liked you very much. But perhaps I might never have known that I loved you if—"

She stopped, blushing deeply, and trifling with the lapel of his coat.

"If what, dearest?"

"I don't like to tell you; it is so foolish."

"Please tell me, dear."

"Young Mr. Price, at the Rising Sun, wanted to be my sweetheart. He used to wait for me coming out of chapel of an evening, and follow me across the street, and stop me at the garden-gate talking to me. And when he talked about loving me and wanting to marry me, I hated him dreadfully, and then I knew that I loved you."

"And I hope you made Mr. Price quite understand that you didn't care for him?"

"Oh, yes; I told him so very plainly, and he was rather offended, and Miss Priscilla said I was very foolish to refuse so good an offer. But you've no idea how I hated him when he talked about being fond of me."

"God bless you, darling, and good-bye, till I come back to fetch my young wife, or till you write me one little line to say you have changed your mind."

"I shall never write that," replied Cynthia.

And with these words they kissed once more and parted, Joshua setting out on his homeward journey with the light heart of youth, weaving visions of his happy future as he walked in the briar-scented lanes, painting pictures of that familiar home which was soon to be beautified by Cynthia's sweet presence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRESENCE OF MIND ON THE STAGE.

When Charles Reade's dramatization of Tennyson's "Dora" was being enacted in Prairie City, where the choice of actors was not great, Mary Morrison, on making her exit to bring on her little Willie, of four years, was shocked to find a lubberly boy of at least fourteen, who must go on, as no other was to be had. The Farmer Allen of the play was, no doubt, equally shocked to see Mary coming upon the stage with a boy nearly as big as herself. What was worse, the audience began to titter. But Farmer Allen was equal to the emergency, and instead of asking "How old are you, my little boy?" said, "How old are you, my strapping fellow?" probably hoping that the boy would have the good sense to give an age more suitable to his size. The boy, however, with painful fidelity to the book and in a sepulchral voice that made the answer all the more preposterous, said, "four to five, grandpapa." "Forty-five!" exclaimed the other, cheerfully; "you look it, my boy; you look it!" There was a laugh at the moment, but the play was saved from shipwreck.

It was told of a famous tragedian that at the close of an act in which he had been the prominent character, a goose's head was thrown upon the stage by some one who had a spite against him. The tragedian picked it up, handed it to one of the others, and said, with perfect nonchalance, "The gentleman who has thrown his head upon the stage can get it back at the close of the performance."

AN EXPEDIENT FOR A WIFE.

A young nobleman of Milan, with a goodly income, wanted a wife. He must have been a reader of American "personals," or of a suggestive mind, for he adopted a newspaper as a medium to further his wishes, advertised, and requested that each reply should be accompanied with the portrait of the lady. As a result, several of the photographic artists of the city had a rush of business, and in a short time over sixty-five fair countenances adorned the nobleman's album. He was embarrassed for a choice amid such unexampled variety.

Another expedient was hit upon. He notified each fair damsel that he must make a personal inspection, and accordingly sent each a ticket for an orchestra stall in the Scala Theatre, announcing, at the same time, that on the night of their visit he would occupy a certain box. The night arrived, and the stalls were filled with an assemblage of beauty seldom seen at one time in Milan. Each supplied with an opera glass, with trepidation raised them almost simultaneously to the box in which the youth reposed. Each wondered at the other, at the magnetism which attracted each glass to that special locality.

Such a sight was soon comprehended by the audience. By degrees the mirth became audible, untill at last laughter was irrepressible and a general roar followed, shaking the very walls of the building. The ladies were overwhelmed with confusion, the adorable fled from the house, and Milan had a rare joke for its delectation for several days.

Our notions of life are much the same as they are about traveling—there is a good deal of amusement on the road, but after all, one wants to be at rest.

YOU CAN'T MOST ALWAYS SOMETIMES TELL.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

Was it the voice of a bell or bird
Which careless I, half-hearing heard?
It bubbled forth with a laugh jubilant
And a girlish scream of merriment,
And these the words on my ear that fell,
"You can't most always sometimes tell."

I marveled much such words to hear,
But smiled at their conjunction queer,
For in them was a pregnant thought,
To be in many a judgment wrought,
For what is ill or what is well,
We can't most always sometimes tell.

The outside glitter of worldly show
Obscures the meanings that lurk below;
We gaze and wonder and think we see
But our eyes are blurred by the glamoury;
We check our verdict, saying, "Well,
We can't most always sometimes tell."

Superlatives in dress and air
May take the careless by their glare,
And simulated virtues shine
As bright as jewels from the mine;
We judge the kernel from the shell,
But can't most always sometimes tell.

The smiling look may haply hide
A covert where the gloom abide;
The dullest tone in law or love
May treacherous and wicked prove;
The smooth mien hide a purpose fell—
We can't most always sometimes tell.

But if 'tis thus, reflection saith,
We lose in men all living faith;
The people moving round about
Are seen through clouds of fear and doubt,
And they may say of us as well,
We can't most always sometimes tell.

AFTER THE HOP.

BY J. C. PURDY.

Grace Avillon was as beautiful as she was rich, and by that same token she was a marvel of good looks; for her fortune could only be expressed with seven figures. Fate had been very kind to her, and very unkind. Gifted with this great beauty that would have shone like a star in the humblest station; dowered with this vast fortune that would have drawn worshippers to the feet of the plainest of girls; blessed with a disposition of such eccentricity that twenty years of the "best society" had utterly failed to spoil her, she yet had to contend against unhappiness; and, strangely enough, it was her unspoiled disposition by which her unhappiness came. She loved truth, and while she was too sensible to suppose that all the surroundings of a rich and beautiful girl must necessarily be false, she was not shrewd enough to be sure where the falsehood ended and the truth began. So she had settled down into a sad condition of perplexing distrust, and had given up the whole problem in despair. Withal, she was an orphan, having no remembrance of her father's proud tenderness or her mother's watchful love, and missing sorely their support and guidance.

Orphan though she was, however, she did not want for the most abundant love or the most watchful protection—love that even she could not question the purity of, and protection which, so far as it went, was perfect. Her mother's bachelor brother, Mr. Harwood, had the guardianship of Grace and the management of her property. His house was her house, and his love the atmosphere in which she lived from day to day, and her own father could not have been prouder of or more tender toward this beautiful maiden than was her guardian uncle.

But there was one trouble against which all his affectionate care could not guard her, because, not being a sensitive, delicately strung girl, he could not in the least understand it, and that trouble was this same restless, haunting suspicion.

Uncle Harwood had ways of his own, and was rich enough to put them in practice. Among other things he liked, as well as the youngest of them, to enjoy his seaside summer away from the cares and vexations of business, and so he had a pleasant cottage at Long Branch, arranged with wide halls and shady piazzas for the hot days, and with fireplaces in all the rooms, in view of the damp, chilly evenings the seaside sometimes knows.

In this cottage Grace now had her throne, and queened it over all the social world that revolved in that orbit. The cottage house this season comprised, besides Mr. Harwood and Grace, one guest—a guest who complicated Grace's uncertainties and unhappiness in a woful manner.

George Warner styled himself Grace Avillon's cousin, a poetic license which showed the young man to be blessed with a wealth of imagination—pretty much the only wealth he possessed, by the way. He was the son of Mr. Harwood's adopted brother, called Mr. Harwood "uncle," and so made himself out to be the cousin of the beautiful Grace, while not a drop of blood from any common source nearer than Noah flowed in their respective veins. He was handsome, winsome, and had a knack, with his frank, genial kindliness, of taking to himself all the friendship that those about him had to bestow. A more thoroughly popular young man might be sought throughout a Sabbath day's journey and never found, and withal, he so undeniably deserved all the regard so lavishly bestowed upon him, that one felt the happier for seeing him so universally liked.

Well, George Warner, with his good-looks, his taking ways, and such cousinship as he could rake up, had bestowed himself in Uncle Harwood's cottage as a guest for the summer, and there he proceeded to make the boldest and most uncompromising love to Grace Avillon. He left no one to doubt that he loved her with the most absolute devotion, and she herself had less reason than any one else to doubt it, for she was told of it in the plainest and most fervent terms, and told of it repeatedly and urgently, besides having it made manifest to her in his daily conduct of life.

Poor Grace! All this made sad havoc with such peace of mind as had previously been hers. She was not free from the prevalent weakness where George was concerned. In fact, she owned to herself, and more than half owned to him that, in her case, the weakness had a special aggravation.

In plain truth she was as much in love with him as he was with her. But love was not the lord of all. Love could not lord it over her suspicions and compel them to abdicate. If George had been rich, or if she had been poor, all would have been well; but no, George was poor and she was rich, and so her love had no better thing to feed on than her doubts of her lover's sincerity. It was not that she grudged all her fortune to George Warner, if he wanted, but she greatly grudged him the hand he sought, believing that he might not have sought it had it not been full of gold.

He, in his honesty of heart and purity of purpose, made light of her wealth, perpetrated a bad pun about it, calling it "the *means* of Grace," and never did himself the injustice to consider that the money would be taken into account in disposing of his claims. His lady-love perpetrated that injustice for both of them, and so plunged herself into deeper and deeper unhappiness. George, meanwhile, more than half assured that the love was not all on one side, but baffled in all his efforts to gain any tangible encouragement, and kept uninformed of the obstacle that kept him from the fulfilment of his hopes, was troubled and perplexed to the limit of endurance, but never discouraged.

This state of affairs had existed until poor Grace, tired out with the hopeless conflict, had put an end to it after the summary fashion of a woman driven fairly to bay.

One day George saw a beautiful face, white as marble, a pair of eyes that shone with the mingled hardness of diamonds and softness of tears, and a pair of pale lips that were rigid and yet trembling.

"George," Grace said, "there must be no more of this talk to me. It is not right, for I have promised to marry Mr. Merton Grey."

"What the—Grace, what *does* this mean! It don't mean what you have said? You can't have engaged yourself to that man; it's impossible!"

"I have promised to marry Mr. Merton Grey," she repeated, as if she were a machine.

"But Grace, why—you knew I loved you and I hoped—oh, Grace! and such a man. You *know* he's not worthy to pick up your glove."

"He is a gentleman, and—but why have more of this painful talk? I am sorry you are distressed, but it is better as it is, George."

"Better as it is! It is a great deal worse as it is, that's what I say! A gentleman! Why he has no soul and no heart, nothing but his money."

"Yes," responded Grace, musingly, "he has money, as much as I have."

"Grace!" and George seized her hand almost furiously, "is *that* it? Is *that* it? Oh, Grace!"

He looked her through and through for a moment, then dropped her hand and went away, saying not a word.

Yes, that was it. A man as rich as herself had offered himself to her and had been accepted; not because she loved him, for she did not even respect him, but because she could know that he did not marry her for her money, and this she thought would be better than to marry the man she passionately loved and be haunted all the while by the fear that, had she been poor she would never have been sought by him. And all this George Warner vaguely saw before he left her; saw and brooded over wretchedly, desperately, but never hopelessly. It was an explanation that left his love without stain or break, and for so much he was supremely thankful.

Wearily and with infinite wretchedness and perplexity the weeks went by, and these two endured as best they might, until at last Grace could endure no more; for she was not the most patient of young ladies, and least patient of all when she was in a false position. One night there was a grand "hop" at one of the hotels, and all the world of Long Branch was there. Grace, as usual, was the bright, particular star of the evening, but far more than usual was her sparkling wit and her brilliant beauty. Never had any one seen her so glorious as she was this evening. She stood on the horizon, she thought, and might as well shine her utmost before she went down into the darkness beyond.

Mr. Grey was her constant shadow, of course, and himself almost shone in her reflected light. Being the man he was, it was impossible that he should ever have been any happier than he was up to the moment that she asked him to take her to a secluded nook of the piazza for a "little talk." They went, and talked, and Mr. Grey's happiness was a thing of the past.

"Mr. Grey," said Grace, with some precipitancy, "I have been thinking a great deal about our engagement."

"Yes, darling."

She put out her hand deprecatingly and went on hurriedly.

"It is very wrong for us to be engaged, and you ought to know that it is. You know, for I honestly told you, that I don't love you!"

"But, my dear Grace—"

Grace went steadily on with what she had to say, merely making a gesture to silence her companion.

"*I* know that I never shall love you. Forgive me for saying it, but I do not even respect you. I promised to marry you simply because I was afraid that, if I waited for love I was in danger of being married for my fortune, and I felt that you did not care for that, at least."

"But, Miss Avillon, this is all very strange. You certainly knew as much when you accepted me as you know now, and I cannot understand why you should agree to marry me and then treat me in this manner!"

"I did *not* know as much then as I know now. I did not know that it would be so entirely impossible to reconcile myself to the thought of marrying the man I did not love. I did not know I should grieve so for the man I *do* love, and I did not know then, as I do now, that our marriage was an impossibility and can never take place. There, Mr. Grey, I have said it, our engagement *must end*."

"Certainly, if you will have it so, and more especially when I recall one phrase you used just now. I certainly don't wish for a wife who has given her love to another man!"

"You have no right to sneer at me, Mr. Grey—I *do* love another man, and I told you, not because it was an easy thing to tell, but because I honestly wanted you to know how impossible our marriage must be. I have treated you badly, I know, and I ask your forgiveness."

He took no notice of the hand she extended to him.

"Just as you please," she said. "Will you take me to my cousin, or must I find him myself? I wish to return home."

He gave his arm without a word. Without a word he led her to George Warner, bowed in silence, and went away—not, let us say, to break his heart, but to swear wickedly to himself.

George, a little puzzled at Grace's whim for early home going, took her to the cottage, and, as he was going to bid her good-night in the hall, was still further puzzled to have her lay her hand on his arm to detain him. He could see that her face was pale and troubled, and could feel that her hand trembled exceedingly.

"George," she said, in low tones, "I want to tell you something that you must not misunderstand. I have broken my engagement with Mr. Grey. Stop! Don't speak to me. I want to tell you another thing. I am *very* honest to-night. You have often begged me to love you. I *do* love you, George—*don't* speak to me! wait!—but I shall never marry you! never! I shall never marry any one; and I want you to go away and never see me again until you have a wife."

The last words were spoken very faintly, but George heard them, and responded hotly:

"Until I have a wife! You *know* I will never have any wife but you. I love you, and you love me. You must be my wife, and I swear you shall be. I will not go away. I will *make* you marry me, after what you have said. Do you suppose I don't know what makes you so cruel? Do you think I don't know that it is your money which you are afraid I am after? Don't shake your head, for I do know, and, in spite of this whim, I'll marry you. Good-night now, but I am not going away."

Then he snatched a kiss, and fairly ran away.

Grace went into her room, and sat down mechanically in front of the little fireplace. Rich was her dress, splendid her jewels, bright the flowers in her hair and the flowers garlanded about her, glorious was her beauty. She had reigned a queen all the evening, but no queen in revolutionary times was ever so wretched as she was just now, as she sat before the low fire. Her wraps were thrown carelessly back, bouquet and fan had dropped upon the floor, and, with hands clasped upon her knees, she leaned forward, gazed into the fire, and thought.

"Yes," she said once, "it *is* the money; that is it. Oh, if it were not this dreadful money!"

That was all she said, but all she thought, who can tell?

At length she was startled by a summons to meet her uncle in the library. She went hastily, fearing to find him sick. She found him manifestly in sore trouble, with papers and open account books scattered all about him.

"Uncle, what in the world is the matter, that you are here at this time of the night?"

"Sit down, my child," he said, in a broken voice, and it was evident the old man had been weeping.

Frightened and trembling, the wondering girl obeyed him, and waited for him to speak.

"Grace," he said, at last, "you have been a very rich girl, would it break your heart to know that you are now as poor as the poorest? Don't answer; I know how hard it would be, though you would make light of it for my sake, Grace, darling. I have done the best I could, and only to-day I thought the danger was over, but to-night came word while you were out that the house that held your funds has gone to ruin. Forgive me, my child, I know you will, but it will cost a struggle that I cannot bear to see. Don't speak to me yet. In fifteen minutes I'll come back, and we will talk it over."

And, with his hand before his eyes, he went out of the room.

Grace sat like one dazed. Oddly enough, the loss of her fortune only brought hope to her.

"That dreadful money," she said again. "It is gone now, and—George, oh! will George— Uncle! uncle! come back! Is that all that troubles you so? I am ashamed of you. Didn't you promise me not to let business worry you at the cottage?"

She started for the door, joyfully, to bring him back, and ran into the arms of George Warner.

"Grace," he cried out, "you're mine now—you're poor as I am. Didn't I tell you I'd marry you! And I will. You can't drive me away now."

"George, do you know what has happened to me? And do you still pretend that you want me?"

And there was such a light in her eyes as had not been there for many a long day.

"Pretend that I want you! Why I've got you, and I'm going to keep you. Of course I know; uncle told me all about it just now."

"No he didn't," said the laughing voice of Uncle Harwood. "He didn't tell you that he saw the danger weeks ago, and had the whole amount transferred, and that Grace is as rich to-night as ever she was—and that he did this piece of acting to get some sense into the heads of two foolish young persons. Good-night; I'm going to bed, and you can talk matters over."

He got away with some difficulty, and went to bed, and they staid and "talked matters over" till a dreadfully late hour.

TASTE IN HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

In a very interesting lecture which Cardinal Wiseman once delivered in England, he pointed out to his audience that the old vases and cups and boxes and other objects which were kept carefully under glass in museums, which were so graceful and refined in form, and were treasured by us as precious relics of an extinct art, were the ordinary vessels of the uses and conveniences of the life of the times from which they descended. Is there any good reason that the wash-bowls and pitchers and jugs and jars of old Rome and Athens should be beautiful, and ours, designed for the same purposes, clumsy and ugly? And if we cannot invent new forms of beauty for ourselves, may we not copy pleasing models rather than unpleasing?

Whether we go back for our model a year or a thousand years, there is really no need of selecting an ugly one. So in the cost of finishing and furnishing the house, the pumpkin in Cinderella's kitchen did not more surely hold the gilded coach, nor her own "filthy rags" the most magnificently jeweled robes, than every little dollar is full of neatness, fitness and beauty, if we have the gift of seeing them and extracting them.

It is a subtle gift, indeed, for it is taste. All the dollars in the world will not buy it. It is like that ear for music which those who have it not deride and deny. Yet good taste is, not the first, but the second, household magician. The first is good temper. Good temper will make a hard, stiff, horse-hair chair delightful; but good taste, without good temper, will make the most luxurious and beautiful lounge uncomfortable. The two combined make the perfect household. The minor magician, indeed, has one advantage over the other, and it is that she develops her. Good taste promotes good temper, but good temper no more promotes good taste than the smile of the gardener ripens strawberries.

On the other hand, good temper has an advantage. It can not buy good taste, but it may buy its works. You may not know mushrooms from toadstools. But if an honest man who, as you know, can distinguish them, offers to sell you mushrooms, you may buy in tolerable confidence that your fillet will not be garnished with poison. It is so with the mystery of household art. You may not perceive the harmony of colors, nor the superior grace of one form to another. But if a person whom you know to be an expert assures you that this paper and that carpet are harmonious, and that this or that table is graceful and pleasing, if you really do not know, why should you not trust him? Mrs. Potiphar perennially shows her confidence in Mr. Marcotte by giving him *carte blanche* to redecorate and furnish. She does it, perhaps, quite as much because of his fashion as of his taste. But what she does expensively for fashion, may not you do economically for taste? In a word, it is the apparent mission of what is known as household art to show that cheap and nasty are not synonymous.—*Harper's Magazine for April.*

BROWN PAPER CIGARS.

It is stated that not a steamer leaves New York for Havana that does not take out from 2,000 to 5,000 reams, or in occasional instances as high as 8,000 reams of coarse brown wrapping paper. What this paper was used for was for a long time a mystery; but it has recently been revealed that it enters into the manufacture of "pure Havana cigars." It is said that when saturated in the juice of tobacco stems, the straw paper makes a "filling" almost equal, if not superior, to the genuine leaf. In fact, it is sometimes impossible to detect the delicate film of paper interlapped with leaves in the finished cigar, or neatly folding the exterior. For this purpose, we are told, it serves admirably, the paper, under combustion, leaving no residum other than pure white ash. To such a refinement of art has this business been carried that by the use of machines rolled over the sheet of paper an almost perfect impression of the tobacco leaf is obtained, the peculiar "spots" being printed as on calico. Smokers of Havana cigars, no doubt, will consume their "weed" with an added zest after learning of what it is probably composed.

AGRICULTURAL.

The brightest, largest or heaviest, and newest seeds are, as a rule, the best, and the most likely to produce the finest crops.

Alcohol is sure destruction to the mealy bug. With a small soft brush give them a coat of alcohol, or let a drop fall upon a cluster of the bugs.

For the corn crop, we have found the sooner the planting is done after the plowing, and while the soil is moist and fresh, the better. A top dressing of coarse manure upon the sod would be an excellent preparation for this crop.

Pruning Melon Vines.—Few persons practice pruning cucumber, melon, and other similar kinds of vines; still, it is just as beneficial, if properly done, as the annual pruning of the grape and other woody plants. The pruning should be confined, however, to the pinching off of the ends of shoots only.

An exchange advises farmers to plant white corn. Men, who have bought large quantities of corn and shelled it, say that white corn is worth more in market, and yields 15 per cent. more when shelled. Yellow corn, on the average, contains about 15 pounds of cob to the bushel, and white corn but 12 pounds.

The parsnip has many valuable qualities which commend it to both farmer and gardener. Hogs and bullocks are fattened upon it in a very short space of time, and the flesh is considered of superior flavor, while in cows it produces an extraordinary yield of buttermilk, having a rich color, and affording butter of excellent quality.

Trees for planting in the orchard should have branches low enough to partially shade their trunks, and, when planted, should lean considerably to the southwest. This leaning should be done to prevent the damage to the southwest side of the trunks, commonly known as "sun-scald," which invites attacks of the flat-headed apple-tree borer (*Chrysobothris femorata*).

In purchasing tools and implements, those that are lightest, other things being equal, should be chosen. To handle a heavy tool is a waste of muscle, now that steel is in universal use for the best kinds. Even a hoe should be sharp and bright to be most effective, and in a mower a dull knife will double the draft. This is equally true of horse-power machines and of hand tools.

To destroy plant parasites, carbolic acid is as good as anything else known to nurserymen. The acid may be mixed with water in the proportion of one part to one hundred parts, and liberally applied to the skin. The dark-colored impure acid is preferable to the pure specimen, some of the allied products being more destructive to the parasites than the genuine carbolic acid. The addition of a little tobacco liquor will make the mixture even more efficient.

Milking Cows.—The milk of cows soon after they have calved contains more butter and is much more easily churned than it is afterwards. About five months after calving the milk undergoes a change, and the cream is not only less in quantity, but the butter globules are smaller. The reason why milk froths in churns is, that when it sours, alcohol is formed by the decomposition of the sugar of the milk, and this causes the milk, when shaken or beaten, to foam or froth. If this froth exists to a large extent, butter will not come, and the milk is useless for churning purposes. The longer a cow is milked after calving the less is the yield of butter, and the less nourishment is there contained in her milk.

The Flower Garden.—Most, if not all, flowers succeed best in sandy loam, made rich by thorough mixing with well rotted manure. Such a soil, thus prepared, will not become hard or baked, but will remain loose and porous, affording the small and tender plants chance for existence, and enabling them to perfect themselves with vigor and beauty. If your garden is composed of a stiff, heavy soil, a good dressing of sand and manure will assist it wonderfully in the way of plant development, and some of the most delicate plants that would not succeed at all in such soil, in its unimproved condition, will, after such preparation, flourish in the most satisfactory manner. Seed should not be sown in spring until sufficient warmth and dryness have been imparted to the soil. When these requisites are overlooked, and the seed is sown too early, it is apt to perish. When the soil will spade up mellow, crumbling to pieces when struck by the spade, it is in proper condition to be worked. If fine seed is to be used, sow it on the surface, and press it evenly with a smooth piece of board. If sown too deep, the seed will perish. Mistakes are often made in this particular, and the want of success is unwittingly laid at the door of the seedsman. Hardy plants will stand more rough treatment from the weather than the half hardy, therefore, to avoid the result of a failure, the seed of the latter should not be sown so early in the season as the former.

One Cold is Sometimes Contracted on Top of Another, the accompanying Cough becoming settled and confirmed, and the Lungs so strained and racked that the production of tubercles frequently follows. Many existing cases of Pulmonary Disease may be thus accounted for, and yet how many others are now carelessly allowing themselves to drift through the preliminary symptoms, controlled by the fatal policy of allowing a Cold to take care of itself! On the first intimation of a Cough or Cold, or any Throat or Lung trouble, resort promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe curative of long established reputation, and you may avoid the consequences of such dangerous trifling.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XIX.

THE END OF THE WAR.

In France the tidings of the American success at Yorktown, where the French land and sea force had contributed in no small measure to the happy issue, were received with universal rejoicings by court and people.

"All the world agrees," wrote Franklin to Washington, "that no expedition was ever better planned, or better executed. It brightens the glory that must accompany your name to the latest posterity." In England the news was received with varied emotions, as there was at that time a strong party opposed to the war policy that Lord North and his supporters so strenuously vindicated. These had long since grown heartily weary of a struggle that had cost the British government, during the six years of its continuance, many precious lives, besides the precious dollars expended necessitating the augmentation of the national debt to the extent of over three millions sterling. North, to use the words of Lord Germain who broke the intelligence to him, received the news of the surrender of Cornwallis as he would have taken a ball into his heart; appreciating the fact that this was a death blow to the war and the policy of his administration. The King, however, notwithstanding the manifest opposition to a further prosecution of the struggle, wrote: "No difficulties can get me to consent to the getting of peace at the expense of a separation from America;" so for two years more there was fighting here and there.

For some time the British held possession of New York, Charleston and Savannah, as General Washington possessed no adequate naval force to co-operate with his troops in the reduction of such strongholds. Although there was no extensive campaign during this period, and though a general feeling prevailed that the war was over, we must not conclude that the last steps of General Greene's career in the South were over a pathway strewn with roses. Many were the difficulties that surrounded him, not the least the wretched supplies and equipments of his men which led to a formidable mutiny, suppressed on the eve of its eruption by prompt and vigorous measures. It was not until September, 1782, that Georgia finally succumbed to the patriots, and in December of the same year General Greene and his army marched into Charleston, South Carolina.

In the fall of 1783 Franklin, Laurens, Jay and John Adams, American commissioners at Paris, were empowered by Congress to negotiate a peace treaty should Great Britain signify her intention of taking the initiative; accordingly on the 30th of November preliminary articles were signed at Versailles, the basis of the final treaty consummated September, 1783. In this "the independence of the United States was acknowledged, their boundaries adjusted and a share in the fisheries secured to them." This treaty had been delayed in order to conclude the Continental European powers; in the meantime John Adams had procured the recognition of American independence by Holland, and after arranging a treaty of amity and commerce, rendered further service to his country by obtaining a considerable loan, sadly needed by the depleted treasury of the United States.

On the 25th of November, 1783, the British evacuated New York, after which a formal entrance of the civil and military authorities took place, headed by General Washington and Governor Clinton. A young lady, who had resided in the city under the British rule, contrasts the gay and brilliant display made by the recently retired army with that of the incoming Continentals, so weather-beaten, forlorn and ill-clad, yet in her eyes so glorious because of the great work that they had accomplished.

At the period of the disbanding of the armies of the Republic serious difficulties and embarrassments surrounded those upon whose shoulders rested the burdens of the State. In any case the turning loose of a large army upon the community is attended with danger; this was rendered doubly perilous from the fact that many of the soldiers had received no pay for months.

Eagerly clamoring for their money, some of the Pennsylvania troops marched to Philadelphia and menaced the hall of Congress, whose representatives sought refuge in Princeton. Although such a step was reprehensible, their demands were just; but there was neither coin nor credit to satisfy them. Washington sent an armed force under General Howe to quell this mutiny, and in a letter to Congress, after deploring the conduct of these Pennsylvania troops, warmly vindicated the character of the army at large. It required all the influence, moderation and tact of this leader, whom the soldiers loved and trusted entirely, to prevent a general mutiny among the troops, who after long and faithful service were required to return to their homes empty handed—with promises instead of cash. By eloquent and stirring appeals to their patriotic spirit, and to the great blessings to ensue to posterity from their labors; supplemented by his assurances that the government would finally redeem their notes, with full interest, Washington induced them to disband quietly. Never was the weight and influence of his character more fully tested than at this trying time, and never, even on the most successful battle fields of the Revolution, did Washington render his country more signal service.

In a paternal and affectionate letter, Washington had already bid farewell to the armies of the United States; it now remained for him to take leave of his officers. This scene is described by Irving as most solemn and touching, and we can readily picture to ourselves the deep emotion written on all those faces as they clustered around the leader, whose heart had been with them, and whose words and actions had inspired and led them on through the desperate and protracted struggle of the past eight years.

This was no grand and empty ovation to a conqueror who had covered himself with glory at the expense of the lives and happiness of thousands of his countrymen, but a simple grasping of the hand, a tearful leave-taking of the man who, in the intimate relations of camp life, had so endeared himself to all his brother officers, that they could now find no words in which to express their sorrow and affection.

On the 23d of December, 1783, Washington handed in his formal resignation to Congress, then assembled at Annapolis. In the accompanying address, he solemnly commends, as he was ever wont to do, the interests of his "dearest country" to the protection of Almighty God, after which, amid the tears and benedictions of his countrymen, he quitted the hall, and, as he expressed himself, with a mind "loosed of a load of care," retired to private life at Mt. Vernon.

Before the final disbandment of the army, the officers still encamped upon the Hudson, filled with sadness at the prospect of their approaching separation, formed themselves into a society, whose principal object was to keep alive the kindly feeling and interest engendered among them by eight years of camp life.

This association, called the Society of the Cincinnati, after the noble Roman, Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus, owed its origin to the happy suggestion of General Knox. At the time of its formation "it was decreed that the eagle should descend from father to son, according to the law of primogeniture, or, in failure of issue, to his collateral heirs in the due line of inheritance forever."

This hereditary principle was never done away with, says Alexander Johnston, in an elaborate paper upon this subject prepared for the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, although Irving alleges that such was the case, the Society falling into disfavor on account of misconceptions of its true nature, this inheritance, according to the laws of primogeniture in the recently emancipated Republic, leaving a stumbling-block.

From its inception the Society of Cincinnati was destined to be a beneficiary association, each member contributing one month's salary, the interest of which was to be appropriated to the relief of the families of those members who might at any future time stand in need of such assistance. Such alone, Irving states, it became, at the time of the first reunion, held in Philadelphia, May 1st, 1784.

This change, in consequence of the malignant attacks made upon the institution in the pamphlets of the day, in which it was spoken of as an attempt to undermine the principles of the Republic, and establish in the new States a line of hereditary patriarchs, seems to offer a solution for the gradual decline of the Society. Although these printed attacks made considerable stir, they did not succeed in breaking up the sessions of this honorable body, held yearly, and serving to cement the brotherly love and affectionate interest of the heroes of the Revolution, over which General Washington presided during his lifetime.

The right of membership of the Society of Cincinnati was not alone confined to this Continent, as the eagle of the order was conferred upon the distinguished officers of the French army and navy who had shared with the Americans in the trials and triumphs of the Revolution.

The French naval marine, as an expression of their gratitude for the honor conferred upon them, sent an eagle, similar to that used by the Society, richly set with diamonds and emeralds, to be worn by the first President-General, which, from the time of Washington, has been transmitted to each successor in turn.

Lafayette was proud to wear the eagle of the Society of the Cincinnati upon his breast, side by side with the time-honored Order of St. Louis, declaring, with genuine French effusiveness, "that his heart glowed with the most unbounded sentiments of affection and gratitude."

A PARABLE OF THE "BILLY-GOATS."

BY MRS. GUION.

I take my text from the following paragraph which recently appeared in one of the daily papers of this city. Copied *verbatim et literatim*.

"Lancaster, ——, is not a very busy town and the leading merchants, lawyers and public officers drive dull care away by tying oyster cans to the tails of blatant Billy goats."

As the last-mentioned are the principal actors in the drama, I'll give them special notice. Now think of the text as I proceed.

Firstly, as they say, let it be well digested, that they were men, not women, engaged in that lofty and ennobling pursuit, that exhilarating, edifying and manly amusement and, I must say, one of the greatest conceptions of mind. It was a company of full-grown men, that part of the human family called the "Lords of creation."

Now keep the text in view—tying oyster cans to Billy-goats' tails. These were the fathers of the town! the voters! the law-makers! the men! If the Billy-goats had a vote, none of these men would ever get into office, unless (as has been suggested) we have a king some day in the far future, in which event, fools will be in demand; but as this generation will have passed away, and with it the Lancaster men and likewise the Billy-goats, it is to be hoped that we shall not have another edition or they might become candidates.

I pass on to secondly!

The object of this amusement seems to have been to "drive dull care away." Now, what were the women doing to attain the same end while their protectors were thus employed? They had plenty to do that had to be done, and they were doing it; what matter if a woman has dull care, she must keep straight on. Work! work! work! there's the baby crying and the stockings to mend, and from one thing to another she goes, hoping every minute that the door will usher in the partner of "the joys," *not* the woes;" but she just remembers that he told her "to-day was a busy day," so she hushes up the "very image of his Dad," does numberless things to make the house comfortable and the home happy. Here, let me say, there is much more happiness in comfortable homes than in uncomfortable ones. On that subject, I agree with "Josiah Allen's wife." She also thinks that women have a right to vote; so do I, if they wish to, and they have a right to "drive dull care away" by tying cans to Billy-goats' tails, but I don't believe they will become contestants for that privilege; that elevating performance may as well remain for the merchants and lawyers.

Oh! high and lofty man, beneath whose protecting arm and benignant smile, fair woman has ever basked, when was she ever known to be so hard up for amusement? Talk no more of woman's folly; speak no more of the frailties of your sisters, of their diminutive hats and inordinate bustles; when you feel like finding fault just read over this parable and "know thyself."

Fourthly, is a suggestion that an appropriation be made to buy up the Billy-goats for a great American investment for the coming season, and have an arena on the Centennial grounds devoted to this amusement, so that leading men from Lancaster and other towns where Billy-goats abound, may have an opportunity to "drive dull care away" by indulging in their favorite pastime; then, too, the place would seem more like home to them; it might be an additional attraction.

And lastly: I must say it would exceed all for originality; but that is not surprising, as we know that great men have great minds, as the "patent records" show; besides this is an age of invention, and viewing it with the eye of a Christian, might they not have been practising with a view to the general improvement of the race, and may we not expect during the next session of Congress to have a bill before the house for "contracts" to ascertain the best manner of catching these billy-goats, and when caught the best method of tying on the cans so as to worry the creatures as little as possible.

And above all, wives, do be indulgent when you see what delight your male half takes in these innocent amusements altogether beyond your comprehension. Try to be submissive for awhile and improve to their standard, and perhaps when we obtain all our rights, we can tie cans to Billy-goats tails, too; we need recreation sometimes as well as the men do.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

"The soverane weede," as Spenser called it, has had many historians, and has been, perhaps, the best bepraised as well as the most denounced of "herb-bearing seed" upon the face of all the earth. Popes have cursed it, kings have "Counterblasted" it, poets have sung it, martyrs have died for it, and in these latter days, when about two million tons is the world's estimated consumption per annum, the weed has achieved its apotheosis in the establishment of a British Anti-Tobacco Society.

The use of tobacco may be traced back to an era old enough to satisfy the keenest stickler for the antiquity of the practice, if he is not too nice as to his authorities. The Tombs at Thebes are said to contain the representation of a smoking party, and a legend of the Greek Church ascribes the inebriation of the patriarch Noah to the temptation of the devil by means of tobacco. Coming down to later times, the numerous pipes of a primitive form which have been found on Roman sites, alongside other genuine Roman remains, amply warrant the pleasant fancy which pictures the Roman legionary indulging the luxury of a pipe to beguile his dreary outlooks from the bleak Northumberland outposts of imperial civilization. The first week of November, 1492, made the Europeans acquainted with the Indian custom of tobacco smoking. But though the habit was a novelty to Columbus and his sailors, the aborigines of Central America had rolled up the tobacco leaf and dreamed away their lives in smoky reverie ages before Columbus was born or Sir Walter Raleigh brought it within the precincts of the Elizabethan Court.

Jean Nicot, embassador to the Portugese Court of 1559, gave the name which is still preserved to us as Nicotine, the scientific synonym for the essential oil the tobacco plant contains. Steadily and quietly the art of smoking made its way into Europe, until, about ten years after its production, we find the commencement of allusions to its prevalence in English authors, amongst the earliest of whom may be mentioned "rare Ben Johnson," who, in "Every Man in His Humor," describes a character, one Sogliardo, as "an essential clown; yet so enamored of the name of a gentleman, that he will have it if he buys it. He comes up every time to learn to take tobacco."

The commencement of the seventeenth century was the golden age of tobacco. It received a larger amount of literary notice at this time than ever after fell to its share. The "Metamorphosis of Tobacco" was a curious poem, by an unknown author, dedicated to Michael Drayton. Ben Jonson mentions the weed frequently in his plays, as does Marsden, Marsden, and Butler in his "Hudibras." On the title page of Middleton's comedy, "The Roaring Girl," appears a portrait of Mary King, better known as Moll Cutpurse, that "bold virago, stout and tall," in the costume of a man, smoking tobacco. This lady was a noted character in her day, and varied her profession occasionally as a fortune-teller, pickpocket, thief, highwayman, (she robbed General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath), or forger, as accident suited. She died of dropsy in the seventy-fifth year of her age; "but," says Granger, "would probably have died sooner if she had not smoked tobacco."

Ladies have been known to indulge in the weed from its first introduction, and many of the maidens of Spain and South America still practice the habit, as not a few elderly ones in England.

King James' famous "Counterblaste to Tobacco" is well known, and certainly the royal author was not sparing in his terms of condemnation of the weed. He declared it to be "the lively image and pattern of hell," and his majesty professed that "were he to invite the devil to dinner, he should have three dishes—1st, a pig; 2d, a pole of ling and mustard; and 3d, a pipe of tobacco for digesture." The duty on tobacco in his day was two pence per pound, but James raised it to six shillings and tenpence, which, as a matter of course, gave rise to smuggling.

Cromwell sent his troopers to trample down the growing crops of tobacco wherever they found them, and the soldiers revenged themselves by smoking at his funeral.

In Charles the Second's reign, tobacco smoking once more became popular, but it was during the reign of Anne that the custom obtained its greatest height in England. Addison, Congreve, Phillips, Prior, and Steele were all Smokers, while Pope and Swift took it in the form of snuff. In later days, Cowper, Goethe, and Heine were opposed to the practice; but the gentle Elia, Sir Walter Scott, Campbell, Moore, and Byron delighted in its enjoyment, as do the present Laureate, Tennyson, and the philosophic Carlyle.

To Catharine de Medicis is attributed the first use of tobacco in the form of snuff, which became of course a fashionable habit with the court party, and equally so an abomination to the Protestants.

Snuff-taking, though very much decreased in practice, is still by no means extinct. Professor Wilson loved it well, and the late Dr. Guthrie is said to have dispensed with a box by filling his waistcoat pocket.

SOMETHING ABOUT PLAYING-CARDS.

It is quite certain that the name and origin of playing cards have been lost in the obscurity of bygone ages. Many hypotheses, however, have been advanced regarding these points which are entitled to more or less importance, but none have been accepted as absolutely conclusive.

In Europe the earliest mention of playing cards occurs in the year 1393 under the name of *Jeux de Cartes*, in the accounts of Charles Poupart, Treasurer to Charles VI. of France, and later in a decree of the Provost of Paris, bearing date January 22d, 1397, forbidding the working people to play at bowls, dice, tennis, nine-pins, or *cards* on other than holidays. From this it may be concluded that cards were introduced into Europe in the latter part of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century, which conclusion is strengthened by the fact that in a similar edict dated A. D. 1369, twenty-four years earlier than the one mentioned above, a like prohibition is made which does not include cards. Dr. Jean Baptiste Thiers, in his "Treatise on Games and Diversions," published in 1686, writes that an order made by the Synod of Lawyers, in 1404, forbade all priests to play at cards. They had early commenced to play, and cards undoubtedly whiled away many wearisome days of a convent life.

It is said that the earliest European playing cards were stencilled and not engraved, as they are at the present time. A well authenticated anecdote, however, shows that painted cards were in use at an early date. In the year 1423, St. Bernard of Sienne preached from the steps of the church of St. Petronius an eloquent sermon on the evils of gambling, and so impressed his hearers that on its conclusion they made a bonfire of their cards. At a favorable opportunity, a deserving old card-maker, who had listened attentively to the sermon, submitted to the holy father that his denunciations would be the ruin of his business as well as his earnings, as he had learned only the trade of painting cards. Thereupon, the priest took a tablet on which was sketched the figure of a radiant sun, with the monogram "I. H. S." indicating the name of Jesus, in the centre. He then asked the card manufacturer to paint it, and added that he would "never have cause to regret having done so." The card painter obeyed and prospered. There is an old wood cut in the French National Library which is said to have reference to this incident.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY FANNY J. RAYMOND.

I think one always feels the better for looking any small evil of life straight in the face.—*The Country Parson.*

Women can do a great deal for each other if they will only stop fearing what "people will think," and take a hearty interest in whatever is going to fit themselves to deserve and enjoy the rights God has given them.—*L. M. Alcott.*

We bury love; forgetfulness grows over it like grass: that is a thing to weep for, not the dead.—*Alexander Smith.*

What a great gift a sunny, cheerful disposition is.—*Anon.*

A Scotchman thus recently addressed his daughter: "Fat's this I hear ye're gaun to dee, Jennie?" "Weel," she replied, "I'm gust gaun to marry that farm ower by there, and live wi' the bit mannie on't."

It is well for us that we do not count up in early life the number of steps, many of them weary ones, we shall have to take in treading the long road that reaches from the cradle to the grave.

Great duties are before me, and great songs,
And whether crowned or crownless when I fall,
It matters not, so as God's work is done.—*Alexander Smith.*

It is not hard to die. It is a thousand times harder to live.—*H. W. Beecher.*

A half-and-half performance of the right is just about as mischievous as the perpetration of the wrong.—*Gail Hamilton.*

And though all cry down self, none means his ownself in a literal sense.—*Butler's Hudibras.*

No man ever became great and good except through many and great mistakes.—*Gladstone.*

One of Mark Twain's best jokes was perpetrated at a dinner to which he had been invited. He had been notified that his health would be drunk during the evening, and it was. But Mark was armed and equipped. He drew from his pocket a large roll of manuscript and proceeded to read to his astonished auditors that he was entirely taken by surprise, was wholly unprepared to reply, and so on, as is customary with after-dinner speakers.

LANGUAGE OF FINGER-RINGS.

In case of a gentleman wishing to marry—literally *in the market* with his heart—he wears a plain or chased gold ring upon the first finger of the left or heart hand.

When success attends his suit and he is actually engaged, the ring passes to the second finger. After marriage, it passes to the third finger.

If, however, the gent desires to tell the fair ones that he not only is not "in market," but he does not design to marry at all, he wears the signet upon his little finger, and all ladies may understand that he is out of their reach.

With the fair sex, the "laws of the ring" are:

A plain or chased gold ring on the little finger of the right hand implies "not engaged," or, in plainer words, "ready for proposals, sealed or otherwise."

When engaged, the ring passes to the first finger of the left hand.

When married, the third finger receives it.

If the fair one proposes to defy all siege to her heart, she places the rings on her first and fourth fingers—one on each, like two charms to keep away the tempter. It is somewhat singular that *this disposition of rings is rare.*

TAKING THE CENSUS OF PHILADELPHIA.

Only one day was consumed in taking the recent census of Philadelphia. The work was done something after the English fashion. Three hundred thousand blanks were printed, and one was left with every family in the city. The work was done by the police. The blanks were issued on the 3d of April, and on the 10th Mayor Stokley issued a proclamation showing the result of the census. The total number of inhabitants is 817,748, of whom 220,070 are males over twenty-one years, 246,634 are females over twenty-one, 171 998 are males under twenty-one, and 173,746 are females under twenty-one. The population of the city in 1870, as given by the United States census, was 674,022, so that there has been an increase since then of 143,426. It is believed that this enumeration is within 5,000 of the actual population. After the returns were gathered, over fifty employees of the police department were engaged in compiling them from early morning until midnight, and the entire work has not cost more than $3,000; mainly for printing and advertising.

ACTIVITY.—There is much misconception as to what are called labors, and burdens, and contentions. The easiest part of any life, whether it be secular or Christian, is its activity. As long as a man is in the possession of health, bodily activity is not toil. It may become so through excess, but by nature, a suitable degree of activity or industry does not simply accommodate itself to mankind—it is in the constitution of men to be in health and in happiness by the exercise of their faculties. And that which is true of the body is more eminently true of the mind; for our joys do not come few and large—they come like the dew and like the profitable rain, in myriads of small drops, and that which we enjoy the most is that which we enjoy in small measure at each particular moment of time.

DROLL CHRISTENINGS.

They tell of Bishop Porteous that he had an utter aversion to long names, and fine names, and more than one name. That being called upon, when a parish priest, to christen a poor man's child Thomas Timothy, he dipped his finger hastily in the basin, cut the matter and the names short, and christened the child "Tom Tit." The fashion is now running, and has been for some years, to fine names—Betsys, Sallys, Sukeys, Nannys, are all gone; and apropos upon Nanny, I have seen the beautiful old ballad, "O, Nanny wilt thou gang with me?" adapted to modern elegance, thus: "Amelia, will you go with me?" This, however, has nothing to do with the church christenings, but it shows that a "rose, by any other name," may in time smell sweeter.

Now of names. Surely I have entered on the register the strangest imaginable. A mason's wife, and belonging to the next parish, presented her urchin. What took place was exactly as follows: "Say the name," said I, with my finger in the water. "Acts, sir," said she. "Acts!" said I; "what do you mean?" Thinks I to myself I will ax the clerk to spell it. He did, Acts—so Acts was the babe, and will be while in this life, and will be doubly, trebly so registered, if ever it marries or dies.

Afterward, in the vestry, I asked the good woman what made her choose such a name? Her answer was this: "Why, sir, we be religious people; we've got your name on 'em already, and they be call'd Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and so my husband thought he'd compliment the apostles a bit." The idea of complimenting the apostles with this little dab of living mortar was too much; even I could not help laughing. I have no doubt she will go on to Revelations, they being a particularly religious people.

IT WAS "POROUS."

While a clerk in a Detroit hardware store was yesterday morning setting things to right for the business of the day, a citizen with gray locks and self-satisfied look, dropped in and kindly asked:

"Have you any four-quart porous kettles?"

"Porous kettles?" mused the clerk. "I never heard of them."

"What do you call these?" demanded the citizen, as he nosed around and held up a kettle.

"That's a porcelain kettle, sir," was the reply; "that's what you want, is it?"

"That's what I want if it's a porous kettle," said the citizen.

"We call 'em porcelain," replied the clerk.

"What right have you to call them so? Why don't you call a dog a cat?"

"But how can iron be porous?" humbly inquired the clerk.

"How can a young man be a fool!" shouted the citizen. "It has come to a pretty pass when a boy of your age attempts to teach a man of my years anything! Don't you suppose I know the difference between porcelain and porous?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, here's your seventy-five cents for this porous kettle, and I'd like to have it sent around to the house right away."

The clerk had to submit. He says that a rich man can do anything, while a poor clerk is kept down—*Detroit Free Press.*

A TOAST.

Two Important Discoveries! The discovery of America by Columbus, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; the one opening up to mankind a new continent, the other a fountain of health, which is indispensable to the full enjoyment of life and its blessings. In response to the above sentiment come the unsolicited attestations of tens of thousands of grateful patients, who have been relieved of chronic ailments through its instrumentality. These voices are limited to no one locality, but from every city, village, and hamlet in our broad domain, as well as from other climes, and in the strange utterances of foreign tongues, like the confused murmur of many waters, come unfeigned and hearty commendations. It is, in combination with the Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the great depurator of the age. Under its benign action eruptions disappear, excessive waste is checked, the nerves are strengthened, and health, long banished from the system, resumes her reign and re-establishes her roseate hue upon the cheek. All who have thoroughly tested its virtue in the diseases for which it is recommended unite in pronouncing it the great Medical Discovery of the age.

LIFE is like a roll of costly material passing swiftly through our hands, and we must embroider our pattern on it as it goes. We cannot wait to pick up a false stitch, or pause too long before we set another.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—"Centennial" coffins are to be had in Harlem, New York.

—The first locomotive in China ran upon a section of the Wusung-Shanghai railroad on Feb. 14.

—For the trifling sum of fifty thousand dollars in gold you can have a box in the new opera-house in London for a year.

—The memberships of the Trades Unions in New York city has fallen since 1873 from 48,000 to 18,000.

—Scene—A window on Chestnut street—a crowd gazing upon a picture entitled "Circe and the Companions of Ulysses." A young lady hurriedly calls out to her companion, "Oh, see here! another cut on Grant!"

—The Polo games, now the rage in England, and soon to be introduced into this country by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, are described as intensely exciting, the ponies enjoying the sport almost as much as their riders.

—The spring bonnet has a cantankerous air that is quite appalling to a timid man. Seen sideways on the head of beauty, it looks as though it was standing on its hind legs ready to jump at you. When viewed from the front, words fail to describe its *noli me tangere* expression. The back view is safe, and pretty enough to inspire Orlando himself.

—A variation of the church fair, with its raffles, etc., has been devised by two Washington gentlemen employed in the office of the Secretary of the Navy. They arranged for a single-scull race to come off May 14. By the agreement governing the contest the loser was bound to present to the Nineteenth Street Baptist Church, of which both are members, a complete set of pulpit furniture.

—Some one has started a fashion of leather-covered furniture in the drawing-room, of the brightest colors. The chairs are high-backed, church-steepled sort of affairs, nice enough to look at, but fearful to sit on. We do not think the fashion will become general, for all of us have not yet been educated up to the idea that it is the correct thing to put dining-room or library furniture in the parlor.

—A horse car on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, the other day, exhibited a curious medley of nationalities. There were two Spaniards, wrapped in long cloaks, a blonde and burly German, two young Swedes, in short frieze coats, with green collars, an English youth, with a faultless umbrella, a darkey, rolling his eyes and opening his thick lips with wonder as he heard the Babel chorus, and opposite him an old Irish woman with a market basket.

—Stereotyped responses to a statement are quite frequent and characteristic of people who seem to be "to the manner born." You inform your friend that Miss Smith, an old maid, is married. If he is from New England, he is almost sure to exclaim, "Do tell!" or "I want to know!" or "How you talk!" If he is from old England, he says, "Upon my word!" or "Did you ever!" If he is of Hibernian extraction, he remarks, "Yes, sure!" or "Sure now!" If from the land of Bismarck, he enquires, "is that so?"

—Many ladies of doubtful origin and no visible means of support, who have left their country for their country's good, gain an honest livelihood in Paris by the commissions which they receive from modistes and magasins of all sorts, to whom they bring credulous New York or Boston ladies. One young woman who infests boarding-houses gains from two to three thousand dollars a year under the friendly guise of showing strangers the "best and cheapest places."

—Mlle. Bettina Rothschild, who married her cousin from Vienna, in Paris, on the 23d of March, had one hundred and forty-four of every article of lingerie. That department alone of her trousseau filled five rooms. Her dowry reaches the comfortable sum of three millions of francs. The happy bridegroom drags on a miserable existence on the wretched pittance of ten million pounds. The two paupers pass their honeymoon in Italy. The father of the bride gave a dowry of two thousand dollars to every young girl who was married on the 22d.

AT our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric soap to try. Send at once.

RECEIPTS.

BRUSH GILDING with a feather brush. Never wipe with linen, it takes off and deadens the gilding.

GRAFTING-WAX.—This is made of one pint of linseed oil, six pounds of resin, and one pound of beeswax, the whole melted together over a slow fire.

SHAVING WATER.—Dissolve some borax in water, and use for water to shave, when it will be found to make the soap more pleasant, and the operation of shaving much easier.

A HINT FOR SUMMER.—A light thread net suspended before an open window will effectually keep out the house fly. It is a singular fact that these troublesome insects will not pass through the meshes of the net, even though these meshes are more than an inch in diameter.

CURE FOR CUTS AND WOUNDS.—It is not generally known that the leaves of geraniums are an excellent application for cuts, where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of that kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrised in a very short time.

METALLIC CEMENT.—Mix well together one pound each of zinc white (oxide of zinc), black oxide of magnesia, sulphate of lead, and red oxide of iron; then make the whole into a dough with as small a portion of linseed oil as can be used to make up the mixture to the consistence of putty. This cement becomes hard whether exposed to heat or not.

MAGNESIA AN ANTIDOTE TO NUMEROUS POISONS.—It cannot be too generally known that the ordinary calcined magnesia, mixed with water, is considered a certain antidote to numerous poisons, especially those of metallic origin, such as arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sulphate of zinc, etc. In cases of this deplorable kind, two or three teaspoonfuls of magnesia mixed with water should be at once administered, which, in all probability, will save the patient until the doctor comes.

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—Gum copal, when dissolved in chloroform, forms an excellent compound for stuffing the holes of decayed teeth. The application is simple and easy. Clean out the hole, and moisten a little piece of cotton with the solution; introduce this into the decayed part, and in every instance the relief has been almost instantaneous; the chloroform removes the pain, and the gum copal resists the action of the saliva; and, as the application is so agreeable, those who labor under this painful malady would do well to make a trial of it.

HONEY PASTE FOR THE HANDS.—Lubin, the well-known perfumer of Paris, manufactures honey paste thus: Take five ounces of honey, three yolks of eggs, six ounces of almond oil, three ounces of orris root (in powder), and half an ounce of scent. The eggs and the honey are to be mixed first; then gradually mix in the oil, with which the scent is previously united, such as essence of lemons, bergamot, cloves or almonds; lastly, beat in the orris powder. The paste thus formed is one of the most elegant cosmetics used, and is a perfect substitute for soap in washing the skin.

IMPERISHABLE WRITING VARNISH.—Take oil of French lavender, half an ounce; gum copal, in powder, thirty grains; lamp black, five grains; place these materials together in a vial, which then put into scalding water; in a short time the copal will melt, and, if agitated, the whole will form one uniform fluid, which can be used for writing with a camel-hair pencil. This composition is very useful for writing the labels on bottles or jars containing strong acids or other corroding substances, also for gardener's flower labels, as it is in nowise influenced by water; likewise for marking jars containing preserves, as well as for damp "cellar" stock.

Beautify the Skin

By using a harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove tan, freckles, moths, and all other disfigurements from the skin, leaving it perfectly smooth, clear and beautiful, without showing the slightest trace of its application. For sale by all druggists in the United States. Depot, 5 Gold street, New York. Price 75 cents.

THE FASHIONS.

We have seen such a pretty morning dress for summer wear that we think we can do no better than to commence our gossip with a description of it.

The model which we saw was of striped gray delaine, the ground being gray, the stripe a pale blue. The front was cut gored and Gabrielle shape, with a trimming of knife pleating, three inches deep, to simulate a sacque. This trimming commenced at the neck, where at the back it took the form of a standing ruffle or "fraise;" it then was brought down each side of the front, passing around some distance below the hips, until it reached the seam under the arm. A second row of this pleating was carried down, and brought around to the side seam. Below the first row or sacque shape were placed square pockets, edged with knife pleating. The back was very peculiar, being laid, directly in the middle, in even pleats, held in place by four lappets, edged with a narrow frill all around. These lappets were graduated in size, the narrowest being at the waist; just below the waist was one, the longest. The sleeves of this dress were a half-loose shape, with deep cuff, edged with a knife pleating, and held down by two buttons.

A small Charlotte Corday cap of sheer muslin, with fluted frill of the same around it, and ribbons of maroon color, mingled with pale blue, completed the garniture.

A very elegant reception dress was of heavy black silk, made with a long train, which was laid in kilt plaits; a large bow held these plaits in place just below the waist in the back. The side pieces are trimmed with lace—cream-colored cashmere lace—arranged in rows. The front of the dress has scarfs of silk laid in folds, and trimmed with cashmere lace. The sleeves have a pleating down the outer seam of the arm, trimmed with lace; a deep fall of lace is at the wrist. A fichu laid in folds, and made of cream-tinted crepe lisse, is placed in the neck.

A very pretty suit for the promenade is made of silk and cashmere. The underskirt of silk has two knife-pleated flounces or frills. The overskirt is very deep, and of cashmere, with a deep bias fold of silk edging it. It is looped slightly behind, and has a deep pocket at the side, made of silk laid in folds. The cutras basque has bias folds of silk across the shoulders, and a plastron of the same down the middle of the back; sleeves of silk.

Some pretty toilettes for the little folks attracted our attention. We never wish to neglect our little friends, and so keep a bright look-out for all that pertains to them. These fashions to which we refer are French.

One for a little girl of eight or nine years of age was of fine gray cashmere, made with a plain gored front, buttoned from throat to hem. Sacque fronts were set in, falling open and disclosing the buttoned front. These were trimmed with a knife pleating of gray silk, and the neck was finished by a cluster of loops of ribbon, falling in ends. The back was laid in plaits, caught at the waist by a wide gray sash, and tied in a loose bow low down.

A soft-crown bonnet, with daisies and small rosebuds intermingled, was worn with this suit.

For a boy of nine years of age we saw a sailor suit of dark blue, made in the usual style, but with trimming, or the nautical emblems so generally used. The pants were loose, and reached to just below the knee. A wide sash of dark blue silk was tied around the waist, and hung at the left side.

A sailor hat of tarpaulin, with a long ribbon, and high-heeled, low-cut pumps, and dark-blue stockings, completed the jaunty costume.

For a very small lad there was a Russian blouse costume, made of dark-green cloth, buttoning diagonally, or simply double-breasted if preferred. A wide braid trimmed it in this wise—around the neck, down the front, on the cuffs, and also around the skirt. Short pants of the material of the blouse, and a sailor hat with rim turned up all round and set far back upon the head, made up the rest of the suit.

A charming costume, called the "Marguerite," was shown for a girl of ten or eleven. It was made of cream-colored cashmere, with skirt laid in kilt folds, and having a pleated blouse waist. The loose coat sleeves were trimmed with a band of dark-brown velvet, which extended down the outer seam, and defined a square cuff. Two large velvet buttons were placed on the outer seam of the cuff. A sort of fichu was worn with this dress, curious in shape, being pointed in front, and opening in the back, where, just below the waist, it was loosely tied, one end within another. It was edged all round with a band of the brown velvet, and the ends were cut in deep points.

A soft-crowned Normandy bonnet, with cream-colored bows and a velvet crown, was worn with the suit, but for the present season and our climate we would suggest that the crown be of silk and the bows of velvet.

A paletot for a large boy was shown of dark brown cloth, made with loose sacque fronts, buttoned from the neck down. Two deep pockets are placed on each side. The back is caught at the waist behind with a lappel of cloth, bound with a black braid, and buttoned over upon another lappel.

A dress for a small child was made of pique, cut loose Gabrielle, with a pleated chemisette let in at the neck, in a pointed shape; puffed sleeves, with a pleated frill above the puff. Insertion is set in the two front side seams, and the bottom of the chemisette is outlined by a similar band of embroidery. The dress buttons down the front, and a "cute" little pocket is fastened to a band, which is passed loosely around the waist, and secured with a buckle; the pocket hangs low upon the right side, and is trimmed with insertion and a pleated frill.

An apron for a little girl was of fine Swiss or French muslin, made with a small bib, with bretelles which, crossing the shoulder, were lapped in the back. Two pointed pockets were placed on each side of the front. A deep frill of muslin edged the dainty apron, and was also placed upright inside of the bib.

A hat of Leghorn straw had a ribbon of pale pink around it, hanging in long ends, a tuft of field flowers in front.

Another of chip was lined with pale blue, and turned up in the back, with a cluster of apple blooms, while loops and bows of ribbon encircled the crown. Streamers of the same fell from the left side.

OUR WORK TABLE.

Doubtless many of our readers are familiar with the pretty "spatter work" which so closely resembles fine crayon drawing, yet there are also many who do not understand how to do it, and for their benefit we will give a description of it.

The materials required are Bristol board, plain or tinted, or else linen or Java canvas may be used, while for tidies fine sheer muslin is pretty. For making the "spatter" India ink is used, a fine comb and toothbrush. Fern leaves are the most satisfactory to copy, and fine ivy leaves. We give a design for a letter case to hang against the wall. For the back, cut a sort of shield-shaped piece out from the Bristol board; lay it flat upon a piece of smooth deal board, and with a paper of fine sharp-pointed pins, fasten small fern leaves, smilax and ivy, smoothly and flatly down upon the upper part of the shield. Prepare the India ink, by rubbing it up in a saucer as for painting, only let it be a little thicker; dip in the toothbrush lightly, and holding it above your prepared pattern, draw the edges of the fine comb across it, spattering the ink in a fine spray upon the shield. When such parts of the Bristol board as are uncovered by the leaves appear well spattered, you can remove the leaves, and their forms will be found beautifully delineated, and surrounded by a fine background of spatter work.

For the pocket part, cut a piece to suit your fancy in form, and cut out letters to form the French word, "Lettres," which fasten upon the middle of the pocket, surrounding by leaves, etc., and spatter as directed above. Bind the edges of the pocket and shield with a ribbon; attach the pocket to the lower part of the shield by means of ribbon bows to match the binding, and place a loop at the top, by which it may be hung up.

Other articles can be made by following these directions, such as card-cases, baskets, tidies of muslin, cushion covers and mats, and even pillow shams are sometimes made.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Finger-puffs are the favorite mode for hair dressing.

Close hats of a capote form are the style.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co. for information received.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Gabrielle C.—Sent patterns by express; also directions for making the article you desire. Inquired the price of chain, and find it will be twenty-five dollars.

Mrs. L.—White linen collars and cuffs are still worn. Your friend's information is incorrect. Colored ones are very popular, made of Cheviot goods, seersucker, and what is known as "Oxford linen," which is, by the way, all cotton—so they say.

Nellie.—A nice switch of all long hair will cost from twelve to twenty-five dollars, according to thickness and length.

Annie K.—Your brown straw hat will be very appropriate to wear at the Centennial, if trimmed with a suitable silk, and small ostrich tips. Get for best a pale ecru chip, trim with cream-colored silk and two tips of similar tint. A brown debege dress is what you need for traveling. Nixon.

AQUA TOFANA.

A STORY OF AN OLD FRUIT KNIFE.

The period which Louis XIV., or the Grand Monarque, as he was called, reigned over fair France, was one of great splendor and unbridled license for the nobles and courtiers, and unmitigated misery and want for the people. The parsimony of Mazarin had given place to the unbounded expenditure of Fouquet, and then was created the germ which was, many years later, to mature in the blood and horror of the reign of terror. Little, however, were the luxurious creatures of the court moved by any feeling of compassion or fear toward the common people, creatures they considered only born to be their slaves. Alas! the day was to come in which their lives were to be in the hands of the despised ones. The day was to come when they should plead for the mere permission to live, and plead in vain. But the subject of my sketch has naught to do with that time, except in the recounting of the incidents which led the French people into rebellion against their rulers.

Among the French families of high rank which emigrated from their native land during the prevalence of bloodshed and the terrors of the Revolution was that of the Compte de Beauvoir, one of the oldest and most highly respected in the kingdom. When the reign of terror commenced, the first impulse of the Compte was to leave his hereditary state, where he was then quietly living, and go at once to the capital, hoping to use his influence to stay the mad tide of revolt. But the courageous noble was speedily undeceived in his belief. He saw that no mortal man with good blood in his veins could hope to win aught but an ignominious death. Soon after, he and his family, consisting of wife and child, were compelled to fly.

Converting all his available property into money and jewels, he crossed the Atlantic Ocean and settled near Baltimore. Here he lived and died, and the following true incident was told by the great-grandson of the Compte himself, in answer to a curious question in regard to a small and elegantly mounted fruit-knife, which lay among some bijouterie upon a shelf in his cabinet. The knife was the more remarkable because of its blade being black and discolored, as if by the action of some chemical.

In answer to the question, the following story was told:

"It was in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV., that our ancestor, the eighth Compte de Beauvoir, was living in Paris, in attendance upon the court. The family consisted of three members only: the count and countess, and one child, a daughter—Cecile de Beauvoir.

"This daughter was then at the age of eighteen years, and so beautiful was she that royalty itself had made overtures to her, which had been promptly repulsed and ostensibly withdrawn, but events show plainly that it was but ostensibly, for the king was determined to win Cecile if possible, by fair or foul means.

"Among all the young nobles who worshipped at her shrine, Cecile most admired, and more truly loved, the young Chevalier Lavalle, and although not formally betrothed they seemed aware of the love which each bore the other.

"Suddenly, the Chevalier Lavalle disappeared from the court, no one knew whither, and poor Cecile was heart-broken.

"Walking in the palace gardens one evening, she was much surprised and embarrassed by being accosted by the king, who at once commanded her to listen to what he had to say.

"Pale and trembling, with fear and shame, the maiden awaited the royal pleasure.

"'Cecile,' said Louis XIV., 'I am aware of the barrier which exists between you and my love, and I have taken measures to remove that barrier from my path. The Chevalier Lavalle is in security. You will never see him again. Now you may, without disloyalty to your lost lover, yield to my suit. Say, Cecile, shall it be so?'

"Poor Cecile stood in silence for a moment, and then, in a low tone, said:

"'Your majesty jests with me. Your majesty surely has not condemned the unhappy chevalier to suffer perpetual imprisonment on my poor account. Ah, your majesty, release him! Be noble and generous, as you always are, and let him go in safety!'

"Louis answered angrily:

"'That you may rush to his arms and console him? No! I will not do it. But stay! Upon one condition I will release him.'

"'And that, your majesty?'

"'And that is, upon condition of his leaving the country forever, and seeing you no more. If he will do this, and you yield to my suit, I will send and recall the lettre-de-cachet which consigned him to the Bastile. Answer, shall it be so?'

"After some moments' silent meditation, Cecile looked up at the king, and responded:

"'Your majesty, I consent, and with this modification only, that the chevalier may be permitted one hour's private conversation with me before we are parted.'

"The king walked a few paces away, and then, observing a courtier walking at some distance, called to him. The man approached his sovereign with respectful greeting, and awaited his orders. Said the king to him:

"'Dumont, go at once to the Bastile, present this ring to the governor, and tell him to fill in the name of the Chevalier Lavalle in the blank order of release which was sent to him last night. Then, when the prisoner is released, do you bid him come here at once. Hasten, now. Show the governor this signet ring, and he will know that the order is genuine.'

"The man obeyed the king, and for some time both Cecile and her sovereign paced the path in gloomy silence.

"After the lapse of an hour the messenger returned, accompanied by the overjoyed chevalier.

"Rushing at once to the king, and throwing himself at the sovereign's feet, Lavalle was about to pour forth his thanks, when Louis interrupted him, saying:

"'Chevalier de Lavalle, I have sent for you that you may hear a proposition which I have to make; it is this,' and the king repeated the cruel decree by which Lavalle was to save his life by renouncing both his love and his country.

"Rising to his feet, the unfortunate man was about to refuse the terms with indignant scorn, when a glance from Cecile closed his lips, and she rushed forward, saying:

"'My liege, we accept! The chevalier is now startled and astonished, but when I shall have explained the matter to him, he will quietly consent!'

"The king feigned not to have noticed the excitement of the chevalier, and quietly answered:

"'Tis well. One hour we have promised, and one hour ye shall have. Here, Dubois, (calling a servant), order the blue room to be prepared for visitors, lay covers for two, and remember, the meal will be in private; so arrange all so that no interruption shall happen. Quick, now!'

"And the servant ran to obey his sovereign's command.

"The king waited unwearidly until the room was prepared, then ushering the young couple into it, he said:

"'Mark me well, Cecile, and you, Lavalle, I give you one hour; at the end of that time you will be interrupted. Now I leave you.'

"And the king closed the door behind him and left the apartment.

"For a few moments after being left alone, the unhappy pair did not stir from their several positions. Then, as by a simultaneous impulse, rushing into each other's arms, they sobbed unrestrainedly.

"'My own faithful heart,' said Cecile, at length, 'and could you for a moment believe me capable of assenting to Louis' cruel decree? No! He condemns you to death, and me to shame! For your exile means death. Louis has a quiet way of cutting off all chance of return for his exiles, when he wishes it. You wish to know why I have brought you here? Can you not guess? In this little vial there is contained a few drops of the famed aqua tofana. I shall pour it upon this peach—so, it is done. Now, with this knife, which you give me, I cut the peach in half, and retaining one for myself, I give one to you.'

"All this she had said in a quiet voice, repressing all emotion, fearing to weaken the resolution of Lavalle.

"As she held out the half of the peach he took it, and watching her while she, fearing that they might be watched and interrupted, hastily ate the fruit she had retained, he followed her example; then, while strength was left him, and with the face of Cecile hidden on his breast, he took his tablets, and tearing out a leaf, wrote as follows:

"'*To Louis XIV., King of France: A greeting from the dead.*

"Sire—You have seen fit to demonstrate to us that this beautiful world, which was created to be a pleasure to man, spite of its great expanse is too small to hold three poor mortals, because one of them is, by accident of birth, a king. Yet, although the king claims power over lives, for once we shall convince him that love dares all things: that the grave is a place of refuge, and death a happy ordeal, since it now delivers one of us from his jealousy, and the other from his love. King Louis XIV. the dying curse you! tyrant and murderer. God will demand our lives at thy hands, and woe to thee when the demand is made.

"Signed, The Chevalier de Lavalle.
"Cecile de Beauvoir."

"After having scrawled upon the paper, the dying man pinned it to the table with the point of the fruit-knife, the blade of which was still wet with the poison.

"At the expiration of one hour King Louis followed by several courtiers, entered the room; there, lying in each other's arms, lay the unhappy lovers, dead. The king snatched the knife from the table, and lifting the paper, read the words which the chevalier had written. Among others who at once flocked to the scene of death was the heart-broken father of Cecile; recognizing the knife as hers, he took possession of it, and when a son was born to console him for his bereavement, he bequeathed to the boy the poison-stained knife. Thus has it been handed down, from generation to generation, till it came into my hands."

The American Flag.—Persons who desire to make their own flags for the coming Fourth of July should remember that certain proportions should be observed in its manufacture. Any one can find the proper proportions from the following data: The United States garrison flag is thirty-six feet "fly" (long), and twenty feet "hoist" (wide), or in that proportion, the width being five-ninths of the length. The recruiting flag is nine feet nine inches by four feet four inches, the width being four-ninths of the length. The "union," or blue field, is in length one-third the length of the flag, and extends in width to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe from the top. There are thirteen stripes, beginning and ending with red. The garrison flag is the one usually taken as the standard for making flags for private use or decoration.

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

Pennsylvania State Building.

The accompanying is an illustration of the building that the State of Pennsylvania, which, while it has done so nobly in the aid given towards the construction of Memorial Hall, has erected for the accommodation of the State authorities. It is located on one of the most advantageous spots to be found anywhere within the boundaries of the grounds, facing the lake, and between Fountain Avenue and the Avenue of the Republic. It commands a full view of the grounds eastward to the Landsdowne Bridge, catching glimpses of the United States Government buildings, those on the State Avenue, the Women's Pavilion, the roof and turrets of Agricultural Hall, a full view of Horticultural Hall, with its wealth of flowers, the buildings of the German Empire, Main Hall and Art Gallery; in fact, all the buildings to the east, while on the south is Machinery Hall, the Turkish pavillion, and to the west the British villa, State of New York, Spanish headquarters, and George's Hill.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE BUILDING.

The building, which is 97 feet long and 55 feet wide, is in the form of a parallelogram, with offsets on either side, and contains a main hall, with side rooms for the accommodation of the Governor and members of the State Legislature. It is a two story frame building, in the Gothic style of architecture, and has a large tower at the front over the main entrance, which is flanked by two smaller ones.

The interior is laid off in the most convenient styles, and the arrangement and appointment of the rooms are in every way adapted to the use for which the building is intended.

NOT ON THE BILLS.

Clara Morris extemporized a bit of nice acting at Baltimore recently. At the point where Camille rises and totters to the window, and thence, striving to regain her couch, staggers to the toilet table, she introduces a most effective and telling piece of acting, and it is one of the strongest incidents of the whole play. It requires great delicacy, and, as she renders it, must be done with great nicety, or it will prove a disaster. Just as Camille was turning to the glass, a cat of extreme indiscretion trotted on to the stage, and caused a titter in the audience. Miss Morris called the animal to her, preserving in the most admirable manner the spirit and color of the previous situation, fell upon the floor beside it, caressed it, and finally staggered with it to the wing and gave it into the prompter's too visible hand. It was an appalling incident, for on its success depended the whole of the last act, and yet the manner of its execution held the audience spell-bound. It was really hard to determine if it was not actually "down in the bills." The cat was in a position to ruin everything, for in another moment Camille's scream, when she sees herself in the mirror, would have sent it scampering off the stage with tail erect, and then where would the audience have been?

A COFFEE PALACE.

In London they have what they call a "Coffee Palace" for the working classes, an immense building, all brilliant with light in the evening. In the lecture room you will find 800 persons listening to a miscellaneous entertainment. In another room men are smoking and talking, reading the newspapers and writing; in another playing billiards; still another, all sorts of games—draughts, cards, chess—whatever they please, for mere harmless amusement.

There are reading, conversation and music rooms for women, and on the main floor the great dining-hall. There can be got a cup of delicious, good milk and sugar for one penny, and a large dinner plate of beef or mutton off a joint, with potatoes and bread, for five cents! Music and laughter are heard in every part of the palace, and one feels that life is worth living when men and women, and girls and youths can come away from a hard day's work and meet thus for rest, refreshment and the education that such beneficial associations inevitably lead to.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

PERSONALITIES.

Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General of Canada, will visit the Centennial.

The family of the late Dr. Livingstone received a grant of $1250 from the British Government during the year 1875.

Brattleboro, Vt., has a mathematical prodigy who can solve the most complicated problems instantly by no known rule. He is thirty years old, and can barely read and write.

If the extraordinary laudations of the Western press are worth anything, Miss Mary Anderson, a Louisville girl, only eighteen years of age, is the coming actress of the country.

The question has already been raised in London whether Lord Lytton, under the new Royal Titles bill, will not become Vice Emperor of India. As Viceroy, he receives a salary, with "allowances," of £37,000, or $185,000 a year.

One of the Fiji cannibals that Barnum imported four years ago is to be married shortly to a young German girl, whose father keeps a cigar store in New York city. His name is Kin-aboo-yao; he speaks English, and has become Americanized.

Dr. Kenealy sails for America in June, under the guidance and at the cost of the Magna Charta Association—that is, if the Association can raise money enough to send him out. In America he is to unite hygiene with holiness. During his absence his friends and admirers at home are to try to found a "Magna Charta Hall or temple for the purpose of religious service, to be conducted by Dr. Kenealy, M. P., on the basis of the Sermon on the Mount."

A San Francisco paper relates that at Sacramento the train was boarded by representatives of the sensational journals of that city, each determined to be the first to interview the lion of the day. Dom Pedro's valet received their cards, observed the inscriptions, and quietly tore the pasteboards into pieces behind the door. He then informed the enterprising gentlemen of the press that they must have mistaken their man—Dom Pedro had not the pleasure of their acquaintance.

In the practice of turning card corners, the upper left hand corner denotes "visits," and is used for an ordinary call; the upper right hand corner turned down means "felicitation," and is for a visit of congratulation; the lower left hand corner, "conge," represents a farewell call, and the lower right corner, a "condolence," expresses a desire to sympathize with bereavement. The rule most generally understood is the turning of one end of the card, which denotes a wish to see the ladies of the family.

Samuel E. G. Nixon, a child two years and seven months old, whose home is in Allegheny, a suburb of Pittsburgh, has learned the name and use of every tool used in the watchmaking business, and can take apart and readjust the works of a watch, putting every wheel and pin in its proper place. His grandfather is a watchmaker, and it was from him, aided by wonderful mechanical genius, that the little fellow acquired his skill. He should be sent to the Centennial Exhibition as a specimen of "Young America."

A popular English Nonconformist minister was residing with a farmer in Glasgow, while on a visit to that city, whither he had gone on a deputation from the Wesleyan Missionary Society. After dinner, in reply to an invitation to partake of some fine fruit, he mentioned to the family a curious circumstance concerning himself, viz., that he had never in his life tasted an apple, pear, grape, or indeed any kind of green fruit. The fact seemed to evoke considerable surprise from the company, but a cautious Scotchman, of a practical, matter-of-fact turn of mind, and who had listened with much unconcern, dryly remarked: "It's a pesty but ye had been in Paradise, and there micht na has been ony fass."

There have been many ludicrous stories told about court etiquette, but the following which Mr. Conway tells of the English Court surpasses most of them: "It is considered indispensable that ladies introduced at Court or received there shall wear very low-bodied dresses. Just before the last drawing-room, Lady ——, wife of a distinguished nobleman, wrote to the Lord Chamberlain, saying that she had recently been ill, and her shoulders had become so thin that she was ashamed to show them! The Chamberlain, knowing how strict the Queen was, referred the matter to her, and a grand consultation was held. After a long and serious debate, the Lord Chamberlain was instructed to write to the petitioning lady that Her Majesty would for once give her consent to the innovation, but it was intimated that the dress must be a compromise, that is, cut down in front. The Court papers referred vaguely to this exception to the rules of Court dress, stating that it was by Her Majesty's gracious and special concession, in order that it might not become a precedent!"

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Two ounces and a half of magnesium will, when burnt, give a light equal to twenty pounds of stearine candles.

Exhaust steam should never be discharged into a brick chimney. It is liable to disintegrate the mortar, and thus to render the entire structure unstable.

The mean depth of the North Pacific Ocean, as ascertained by the British scientific surveying expedition on the steamer Challenger, is about 15,200 feet.

The calcium lights used in theatres are made by burning hydrogen and oxygen gases brought in contact at the point of flame. Should they get mixed in bulk, an explosion would be the result.

A clothing firm in Chicago have introduced a machine for cutting garments. It cuts at one time a half dozen thicknesses of heavy cloth, to four dozen thicknesses linen or cotton goods. One man readily cuts two hundred and fifty suits a day.

Wrought-iron railway wheels are hardly ever used in the United States. The wheels generally used are of cast iron, 33 inches in diameter, weigh about 520 pounds, and are chilled on the tread or wearing surface by being cast in a cold iron mold.

The manner in which iron is galvanized or preserved from rust is very curious, yet very simple. It is plunged with great rapidity into melted zinc, by which an alloy is formed on the surface, which prevents oxidation, which is the technical term for rust.

During the early stages of development all animals depend upon absorption. The development of the organic functions in animals is so nearly alike in the earlier periods of their existence, that the bird's egg may be taken as an example of the whole.

The Edgar Thomson Works rolled recently what, considering its weight, is claimed to be the longest steel rail in the world. It measured 120 feet, weighs 62 pounds per yard, and is a perfect rail in every respect. Another rail 95 feet long was rolled. Both are for the Centennial.

When the bark of the hickory is illuminated by the rays of the sun, numerous glittering particles are seen. An examination proves them to be crystals, for when thin layers of bark or sections of wood are viewed by a microscope, the crystals are detected imbedded in their natural position.

An Antwerp chemist has lately discovered that the vapor of chloroform will not only extinguish the flames of petroleum vapor very speedily, but will even destroy its explosive and combustible proportions, if mixed with it. This discovery may prove capable of practical application in the prevention of fires.

Germany has produced artificial grindstones. These stones are made at the city of Worms, of grit, soluble glass and petroleum. The proportions are not given by the journal to which we are indebted for information concerning their fabrication. It is said they are so firm as to endure a very high speed without becoming soft.

There are few questions of greater importance now being considered by engineers than the simple proposition as to the proper width of railway tracks. We have now in the United States six different guages, as follows: Six feet, five feet, four feet ten inches, four feet eight and one-half inches, three feet, two feet and six inches, besides a three feet and six inch guage in Canada.

A novel locomotive has been made in California to run on the long flumes that are used to float lumber down from the mountains. The wheels fit on the edge of the sides of the flume, and at the ends of the car are paddle-wheels dipping into the water, and which are turned by the swift current. By a simple arrangement this power is made to propel the locomotive up the flume, and it runs back itself.

A light that will burn on or under water has been made, to be used upon the sea. A small box, weighted at one end, and ending in a small copper wire at top, is filled with phosphate of calcium. When thrown overboard, it stands upright in the water, and on removing the nib, water penetrates the box, and phosphuretted hydrogen escapes through a perforated tube in a brilliant jet of light.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Declined with Thanks.—What Will The Future Bring. The Dilemma. The Popular Creed. "Love Me as I Love You." The Letter of Introduction. Alice Linley's Mistake. The Forsaken One.

C. W. B.—All centenary years, divisible by 400, are leap years; 1600, 2000, 2400, are leap years, but the intermediate centenary years are not.

X. Y. Z.—A pedometer is a mechanical instrument in the form of a watch, which is carried in the pocket to register the number of steps or paces which the bearer makes in traveling between one place and another.

Paddy.—The Phœnix Park in Dublin is so called from the Irish term "Finnisker," signifying a spring of clear water, which became corrupted into "Phœnix." 2. The word "whiskey" is a contraction of the Gaelic word "cesk-a-pal," water of health. Usquebaugh is from the Irish word "uisge-a-bagh," water of life.

Curious.—"Can you tell me what Iodine is, and what it is made from?" This useful medicine, which is a deadly poison, is a peculiar mineral substance, existing in sea-water, seaweeds, sponges, and many marine productions, as also in many mineral waters. It is obtained by digesting sponge or sea-weed in water and crystallizing the liquid, then mixing it with sulphuric acid and black oxide of manganese and distilling the compound; the iodine rises in beautiful violet-colored vapor, which condenses into brilliant blackish scales. Its name is derived from the Greek, and signifies a violet color.

F. F. C.—"The American Naturalist" is published monthly at Salem, Mass.; subscription, $4.00. 2. The following works on Botany are all first class, and are written for advanced students of the subject, and the prices named are what we can get them for you at: Figuier's Vegetable World, illustrated, $5.50; Asa Gray's Field, Forest, and Garden Botany, $3.00; J. Lindley and T. Moore's Treasury of Botany, $3.50. For beginners: Youman's First and Second Books of Botany, $1.50 and $2.00, respectively, and M. J. Young's Familiar Lessons in Botany, $2.50. 3. As to this question, we cannot at this moment give you the information you ask for, but hope to do so next week. It is no trouble whatever to us to reply to any questions, and especially to such an old and esteemed friend as yourself.

C. M. (Oswego)—"What is the cause of that peculiar appearance of the Moon, known as the Old Moon in the New Moon's arms? I have been puzzling over it, but cannot make it out, with my science." It is New Moon when the sun, which has been shining on the side of the moon turned away from us, begins to illuminate the edge of that face of the moon turned towards us. But the sunlight which falls upon the earth is partly reflected, as from the surface of a mirror. A portion of this reflected light falls on the dark face of the moon and is reflected back to us, so that the whole lunar circle appears faintly illuminated. It is simply the Earth looking at her bright face in her mirror, the Moon. As the width of the New Moon increases, its light becomes strong enough to overpower this faint illumination, which disappears.

Lover of Art.—"Is it known when the art of sculpture was first invented, or who was the first sculptor?" This is more than we can tell you. The art, with the kindred arts of modeling, carving and casting, are of very remote antiquity. The ancients availed themselves of almost every known substance capable of being cut or moulded into form; and we find the remains of figures, architectural ornaments, vases, lamps, and pedestals in marbles, woods, metals, ivory, bone, granite, terra cotta, baked earth, etc. There is no reason to doubt that the art of sculpture was known before the flood; and we have certain evidence that it was practised in this country and the East Indies by civilized races of men, known now only traditionally, and of whom no other traces remain. The discoveries of Layard in Nineveh prove beyond a doubt that the sculptor's art was practised, and arose to a remarkable degree of perfection, thousands of years ago.

Crab. R. M.—"Please tell me the origin of the word Taxes?" The word Taxes is derived from the barbarous Latin word *Tallia*, or *Tallium*, which in the ancient signification meant a piece of wood, squared and cut into two parts, on each of which they used to mark what was due and owing between debtor and creditor; from thence it came to signify a tribute paid by the vassal to the lord, on any important occasion, the particular payments whereof were marked on these pieces of wood, one part being held by the tenant, the other by the lord. In French it is *Taille*, which originally signified no more than a section or cutting, from the verb *tailler*, to cut; but afterwards it came to signify metaphorically a tax, or subsidy; all which words come from the pure Latin word *Talea*, a cut stick, or tally. From whence is derived our law Latin word *Tallagium*, or rather *Tallagium*, which signifies in our law any sort of tax whatsoever.

T. Ashley.—"What is Mother of Pearl? Please enlighten an old reader and friend of the Post." Mother of Pearl is the hard, silvery, brilliant internal layer of several kinds of shells, particularly oysters, which is often variegated with changing purple and azure colors. The large oysters of the Indian seas alone secrete this coat of sufficient thickness to render their shell available to the purposes of manufactures. The genus of shell fish called Pentadinæ furnishes the finest pearls, as well as the mother of pearl; it is found in greater perfection round the coast of Ceylon, near Ormus, in the Persian Gulf, at Comorin, and among some of the Australian seas. The brilliant hues of mother of pearl do not depend upon the nature of the substance, but upon its structure. The microscopic wrinkles or furrows which run across the surface of every slice, act upon the reflected light in such a way as to produce the chromatic effect. Mother of pearl is very delicate to work, but it may be fashioned by saws, files, and drills, with the aid sometimes of a corrosive acid, such as the diluted sulphuric or muriatic acid; and it is polished by colcothars.

Elbert.—"Several of us have been puzzling ourselves over the following question, and as none of us can agree as to who is right, we have concluded to leave it to you to settle: A man went to a shoe store and chose a pair of boots, the price of which was $5.00, giving in payment a $10.00 note. The storekeeper had no change, and was obliged to go to a neighbor's and get it changed. He returned and delivered the boots and gave his customer the difference. Before night, the neighbor who had changed the note brought it back saying it was a counterfeit, and the storekeeper had to give him $10 for it. Now, how much did the shoemaker lose by the operation? That is the point in discussion." This is a very old question, and is a proof of how easily well trained and clear minds can sometimes be confounded for a time by very simple questions. Just take a simple proposition, as for instance—there was but one sharper in the transaction—how much did he make off with? Or, to make it perhaps plainer still, suppose instead of going to his neighbor to get the note changed, the shoemaker had happened to have the cash at home, and had gone home and got it. Reckon up the profit and loss from that situation, and the solution of the question is a very simple one.

Inquisitive.—The art of glassmaking is of very high antiquity. The oldest known specimen of transparent glass is a bottle about 3¼ inches high, discovered by Mr. Layard in the ruins of the N. W. palace at Nineveh, and is now in the British Museum. It was blown in one solid piece, and then hollowed out by a machine. It has engraved upon it the name and title of Sargon, who reigned the latter part of the seventh century B. C. The art, however, had been practised in Egypt many centuries before this. There was discovered at Thebes a glass head, bearing the name of a king who lived about 1450 B. C. The monuments carry us back much further even than this. On the paintings at Beni Hassan, which belong to the reign of Osirtasen I., who reigned B. C. 2000, we have figures of glassblowers at work, and on the monuments of the tenth dynasty, some two centuries earlier still, are drawings of bottles of transparent glass containing a red wine. The skill shown by the ancient Egyptian glassblowers is almost incredible. Except, perhaps, in point of brilliancy—and the evidence here must necessarily be deficient, in consequence of the chemical changes which time causes in the substance of the glass—they seem to have equaled, and, in some instances, surpassed any production of more modern times.

Miscellaneous.—A. K.—You can certainly darken your hair by means of oil, pomatum, or other things. In Doubt.—Ask her, and she will soon put you out of your misery, one way or the other. Mabel.—You are too young to think of such a thing. Take our advice and wait for two or three years, at least. A. S.—The articles of diet you mention are all wholesome, strengthening and nutritious. Camden.—There is no such law, so go on with your courtship and bring it to a happy conclusion. Selma.—We should have a very poor opinion of any paper that acted as you say it did. E. J. M.—The meaning of it is, "Faithful unto Death." Gutta Percha.—We must first know its nature, and for what purpose it is intended for. Nelly.—The best way is not to answer the letter at all. The least said the soonest mended. Unhinged.—We cannot recommend any particular company, for obvious reasons; consult your friends. Marie.—No impropriety in seeking; but the "how" must be left for your own decision. Bridget.—Keep the secret and tell it to no one; it is most probable that it will never be discovered.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*

THE TRUE STORY OF A

SONG OF SIXPENCE.

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA.

STRAIN THE ELEVENTH AND LAST.

WHO BROUGHT ABOUT THE FINALE.

The shades of evening had gathered around the towers of Castle Crotchet when an old woman—oh, how old, how haggard, how feeble! with hair as white as snow was seen wending her way towards the castle, partly supported by a knotted stick and partly by a lithe and graceful little damsel, as young, blooming and active as her companion was old and haggard and feeble. The old woman was Glamour, a witch no longer, for she had lost all her power and was fast lapsing into second childhood, and the little damsel was—who but Chickabiddy?

Semiquaver received them at the castle-gate, saw the old woman safely housed in one of the outer offices, and then led Chickabiddy to be presented to her former masters. However prepossessed against her they might have been, the whole Crotchet family had been too earnestly entreated by Semiquaver to forgive her for them to treat her unkindly now. Even had Semiquaver not said a word in her favor, her contrite looks and subdued manner were too striking for them to wish her more severely punished than she had already been. She knelt before the King and Queen, kissed their hands and besought their forgiveness—which was readily granted. The little Crotchets, however, did not wait for her to go through a similar ceremony in their case. They rushed like one man, or rather one boy, to kiss her; they pulled her this way, that way and every way, loaded her with caresses and finally carried her off bodily to make peace with Miss Bristles, Timothy Potpan, Roly-Poly and the rest. As she disappeared with them old King Crotchet gave vent to the only sensible words he had uttered since the loss of his yellow darlings: "Yes, yes, our Lady Queen, the girl was not a bad girl at heart. She was possessed, my dear, that's where it is. She was possessed by an evil spirit. Let us, who are not so affected, think of that and be lenient." Thereupon he went and paid a visit to his money-chest, leaving the Queen smiling in rather an arch way, after which she retired to regale herself with a substantial slice of bread and honey.

Days and months and years glided away. The Crotchet family were and remained a happy family to the end. Three and twenty little Crotchets married in due time and settled down in neighboring castles. They all had many children, so many indeed that such a number of Crotchets, I do believe, was never seen out of a music-book. But Semiquaver remained at home with his parents, and his old father being to all intents and purposes in his second childhood, his youngest was by all recognised as the head of the family. Of course Chickabiddy stayed with him; a pretty thing it would have been, indeed, had she dreamt of leaving him. Her spirits were now by no means of a boisterous character, and her smile was sometimes very sad, and then her head would droop as under the weight of some secret sorrow. Was it repentance for her days of mischief? But that was long ago and she had been very, very good since. What was it then? Had some conjurer been present when, thinking herself unobserved, she cast those long, wistful glances at Semiquaver, he would not have needed all his art to guess her secret. At all events she never told it, but went about calmly and serenely, doing good. Her very looks did people good, although they were not by any means merry, and she was never known to laugh except on one memorable occasion. That occasion was when Timothy Potpan, now elevated to the rank of steward in place of Rigid, who had married Roly-Poly and set up as a country gentleman, which he looked to the life, except that he was, perhaps, a little too stiff and haughty—that occasion, I say, was when Timothy Potpan proposed to her. She did burst out laughing then, and upon my word it was a pity she did not do so oftener, for a more musical, ringing little laugh you never heard in your life.

"No, no, Timothy," she said, "you must not think of such a thing. I have been very wicked, perhaps am still, and might make you turn—"

"Eh!" cried Timothy, horror-struck, for the words "make you turn" had frozen his very blood.

Chickabiddy smiled as she guessed his thought.

"Not make you turn coffee-mill again, Timothy; that was not my meaning—I make you turn wicked, I mean—wicked, Timothy."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't; I know better."

"No, no, Timothy," continued Chickabiddy, "I am not to be the lady, but I do know a very pleasant young lady who would not be sorry to be Mrs. Potpan. Don't you know that Bristles is breaking her heart for your sake?"

"Lor!" cried Timothy, "who would have thought it?"

"It is so, I do assure you; and if you will do me a great, a very great pleasure, you will go and propose to her immediately."

"Well, then, I will; I'll do anything to please you."

And Timothy did propose to Bristles; and she did have him, and if she did not, in the long run make him "turn," the chronicles of Castle Crotchet Castle, in which she is universally styled the "grey mare," have sorely belied her.

And what has become of the Princess Fretilla all this weary, weary while? Was she not to have had some hand in bringing about the Finale?

Surely it was a lovely summer's evening, and the countless windows of Castle Crotchet sparkled with a thousand gems.

"Yes, we have heard these very words before," cries some little critic indignantly.

So you have, my little dear, and though Chickabiddy had not, as she sat on the trunk of a fallen tree at the entrance of the forest adjoining the castle, other words which *you* have also heard before were haunting her memory.

"The turtle-dove's wings
Are closed in repose,
But the nightingale sings
To his Lady, the Rose."

Chickabiddy was now a beautiful young lady of sixteen, and Maid of Honor to the Queen. The change in her character had been accompanied by as great a change in her person. Her long black elf-locks had turned, by degrees, so imperceptible that no one had noticed it into a beautiful shade of brown; her eyes from a glittering green had changed to a heavenly blue, whilst her gipsey complexion had given place to the tints of the lily and the rose.

She sat on the fallen tree, then, her head drooping on her bosom, while silent tears coursed down her pallid cheeks. King Crotchet had signified his intention of marrying Semiquaver to a monstrously ugly Princess, monstrously rich, and Chickabiddy was no doubt sorry for her master's sake—not for her own, of course, oh, dear, no! In her hand she held a drawing made by herself and representing a little boy and girl in a very affectionate attitude, for the boy had his arm around the little girl's waist and was playing with her soft, brown hair. It would have been affectation not to recognise in the boy a child-likeness of grown-up Semiquaver, and as for the little girl, if she was not Chickabiddy, she was nobody. The two figures were seated on a fallen tree in view of a castle whose countless windows, &c., &c., &c.

Two big tears fell upon the paper Chickabiddy was gazing on: "And then came our first and last quarrel, or rather my own burst of temper," said the poor little maid unconsciously speaking aloud, "and suddenly a blank fell upon my mind and brain and heart, and I ceased to be—forgot that I had ever been—the happy child that sat on the fallen tree on that beautiful summer's evening; forgot it for many years, but remembered it at last; remembered that I was once dear to him who cares not for me now, whose heart my wicked conduct has shut against me—and yet, *if he but knew!*"

"He does know, dearest Fretilla!" cried a joyful voice behind her, and in a moment she found herself in Semiquaver's arms. "Yes, he knows and has long known that the love of his childhood is now the love of his manhood. Yes, dearest, I have long known that you were Fretilla. Glamour had told me so on her dying bed."

"And yet you never made a sign that you knew?" said Chickabiddy or rather Fretilla.

"I acted by Fairy Worth's advice. She wished to try you to the utmost. I felt sure of you and consented. I was right; you have turned out a pearl without a flaw, and now, if you do not hate me very much, you shall be my queen—queen of my realms as you have all along been of my heart. What say you?"

What she said has not descended to posterity; in fact, she said nothing, though her lips gave a most satisfactory answer.

And they were married and lived long, and were happy and beloved by high and low, and so ends my story.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

Those extra nice young men who never wish to soil their hands with manual labor, but aspire to professional and lazy "gentility," can learn a good lesson from the course pursued by the nephew of the late Colonel Colt, of Hartford, Connecticut, who received from his uncle an immense fortune. At the time of Colt's death, the nephew was learning his trade of machinist, in his uncle's shop, working diligently every day, subject to the same rules as other apprentices. On his death he became a millionaire; but choosing a guardian to manage his property, he continued at his labor and served his apprenticeship.

Now, when he walks the rooms of his fine house, or drives a handsome and costly team, he has a consciousness that if his riches take to themselves wings and fly away, he is with the means of getting an honest livelihood, and can make a fortune for himself. He was a great mechanic, and is not ashamed of it again. Labor, with its accompanying dirt, is not dishonorable or degrading; laziness, and its almost necessary evils, are disgusting and destroying. Dirty hands and a sense of independence, are to be preferred to kid gloves and the consciousness of being a mere drone in the human hive. Tools rust of neglect—wear out from use. Neglect is criminal—use is beneficial. So with man's capacities—better wear them out than let them rust.

READ AND HEED THIS.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day, here a little, and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot, I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

It is better to yield a little than to quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their (little) rights, is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickerings which attend such a disposition; and unless a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, it is a question if it is not wiser, happier and more prudent to yield somewhat of precious rights than squabble to maintain them. True wisdom is first pure, then peaceable and gentle.

Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy and wily sinuosities of worldly affairs; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.

AN ODE TO SPRING.

Hail, balmy Spring! My muse thou dost inspire;
("My dear, it's cold enough to have a fire.")
To bid farewell to dismal Winter's snows.
("I'll put some goose-grease on the baby's nose.")
The birds exultant on the budding trees
("Just listen, darling, to the baby sneeze.")
Melodiously pour their pæans forth,
("The wind has shifted, dearest, to the north.")
While icy currents slowly 'gin to flow,
("I shouldn't wonder if we had more snow,")
And fragrant zephyrs, 'mid mild skies of blue
("The baby'll have to get a warmer shoe.")
Revive pale nature with their honeyed breath
("This cold, I'm sure, 'll be the baby's death.")
And deck her brow with wreaths of white and red.
("We'll have to put more blankets on the bed.")
The fields will flourish 'neath thy genial rain
("Just see the frost upon the window-pane.")
And murmuring bees to luscious caves will hie,
("What, Tootsy-wootsy, does it make her cry?")
While barefoot rustic, with his garb well tanned
("We'll want more coal, as sure as you are born!")
Through perfumed lanes of doe-rose and sweet clover
("I knew it'd snow before the day was over.")
Rambles at will, and from the neighboring town
("Good gracious! How the snow is coming down!")
The cheerful—— "Oh, confound the thing!
This Spring is any but a Pierian Spring!"

"GOD BLESS YOU, DARLING, AND GOOD-BYE. TILL I COME BACK TO FETCH MY YOUNG WIFE."

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

"I thought you had gone for a walk, Cynthia," said Mr. Haggard.

"No, sir. I go across the fields sometimes, and as far as the copse"—pointing to a dark waving line against the sunset—"and gather a bunch of wild flowers when the ladies give me leave!"

"You go with your friends, I suppose; some of the young women in service here?"

"No, sir. I have no friends except my mistresses."

"And no sweetheart, Cynthia?"

"No," she answered, with a curious little smile.

What a relief it was to find that her girlish fancy had not idealized some boor!

"Ah, the time will come when you will begin to think of a sweetheart, I daresay; but I'm glad it hasn't come yet. I am going for a stroll across the fields, as far as that wood, perhaps. Will you come with me, and show me where your wild flowers grow?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are quite happy here, Cynthia?" asked Joshua, when they had walked a little way. There were sheep in the meadow, and the sheep-bell was ringing with a pleasant sound in the twilight.

"Yes, sir; quite happy; most of all when you come here."

"That is not often, Cynthia," he answered, his dark eyes softening to tenderness as they looked at her. Why did she say these things in her thoughtless innocence, and why should words so simple, a mere childish expression of grateful affection, set his heart beating?

"No," answered Cynthia; "it isn't often you come, sir. But it is something to think of, and something to remember."

"I cannot tell you what pleasure your progress has given me," said Joshua, gravely, but with a tenderness in his voice that was quite involuntary. "I have thought of you often in the year that has gone, and have supplicated for you in my prayers every day of my life. But I never hoped to reap so rich a harvest. I never thought God would reward me so bounteously—to find your intelligence so bright, your heart so pious, your conduct so exemplary. It is very sweet to me; sweeter than words can say."

There was a mist before his eyes as he looked away to the broken line of wood yonder, not trusting himself to look at his protegee.

"Could I do less than to strive hard to learn what you wished me to learn, sir?" asked Cynthia. "Can I ever forget what you have done for me? I was a heathen, as bad as those poor creatures the missionary told us about last winter. I was left outside in the darkness. I must have gone to the habitation of the lost but for you. I pray for you night and day; but my prayers are so little, they can never repay you. I wish I could be your servant, that I might work my fingers to the bone to prove my gratitude. I pray for you, I think of you, I dream of you sometimes; and I see your face all shining, with a glory upon it, like Stephen's when the wicked Jews stoned him."

"Foolish dreams, my dear. I am neither saint nor hero; only a common man, with all our common infirmities; prone to sin when tempted, and chiefly blest in having led a life exempt from temptation to do wrong. Providence has been very good to me, Cynthia; my lines have been cast in pleasant places. I have never known hardships or illusage as you have, poor fragile child. No dark shadow has ever fallen across my path."

"It would be hard if you had sorrows to bear, sir; you who are so good," said Cynthia. "Miss Priscilla has told me about you: how you used to preach to the rough miners—men almost as wild as savages—and how their hearts were melted; how you used to walk many miles and suffer hardships, for the sake of doing good and teaching God's word, when you had a comfortable home, where you might have stayed if you had chosen. She told me that you offended your father by field-preaching, and that you were likely to have lost all the money he had to leave you, yet you never gave way. Was not that being a hero?"

"No, my dear; it was only being steadfast. The man who is without steadfastness will neither do good to others nor to himself. I saw that there were waste lands to be made ready for harvest, and I put my hand to the plow. God gave me health and strength, and love of the work. It would have gone much harder with me to stay at home behind my father's counter than to bear the worst hardships that ever befell me in my wanderings.

"Yes, I can understand that," said the girl, looking up at him full of enthusiasm; "that is because you are good and great. It was sweeter to you to help others than to be happy yourself. Every soul snatched from darkness and death was a rich harvest. Some of those you have saved are in heaven now. How sweet it must be for you to think that they are pleading for you at the throne of God!"

"My dear child, you let your affection carry you too far. I have but done a humble share of a great work; I only tread in the footsteps of greater men who have gone before. I am but one of many."

"The Bible does not say that," replied Cynthia. "'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.'"

"That was in the beginning, Cynthia, when God's light was but dawning on the darkness of this world. The prayer has been heard, and the laborers now are many. Let us pray that they may labor aright. You have a lively and ardent mind, my dear; God grant it may never be led astray. For a nature so fervent, so ready to admire and believe, an evil world is full of snares and springs; but so long as you are content to remain at Penmoyle with our kind friends, I feel assured you will be safe and happy. The life is somewhat monotonous, I daresay, but I hope you will not grow weary of it."

"I shall have your coming to look forward to," said Cynthia.

"And perhaps in time, if you advance steadily with your education, the Miss Weblings will let you teach in the school; and by and by, as they get into years, they may give you the entire management of their pupils; and you will be doing a holy and useful work, and occupying an important place in your little world. So you see, Cynthia, you have something better than domestic service to look forward to, if you go on improving yourself."

"I shall try to do that, to please you," replied Cynthia. "I never forget anything you say to me. I think I could tell you every word you have said, from the time you first spoke to me on the common."

Joshua was silent. There are some emotions whose ineffable sweetness is akin to pain—there are thrilling moments in which the soul burns with a rapture that is almost agony. How was he to construe these innocent expressions of regard, these little gushes of grateful feeling? Could they, did they, mean something warmer than regard, something deeper than gratitude?

They had crossed a couple of meadows and come to the edge of the copse by this time. It was only a narrow strip of wood, pine trees for the most part, dividing one farm from another—a ragged edge of wilderness upon the skirts of cultivation and fertility; but to Joshua, that Sabbath evening, it was solemn as that darksome dell Dante walked in—a forest full of mystery and mystic awe. He could scarcely see his companion's face under the pine trees. It was shadowy as the face of a spirit.

"It is too late to find any flowers," said Cynthia; "but this was a lovely place in the spring. There were violets and wild crocuses, and bluebells and wind flowers. There are rabbits, too; look—do you see them flashing past that dark-red trunk yonder?"

Joshua was too preoccupied in spirit to look at rabbits. He walked with his head bent, his hands clasping his stout oak stick, his lips tightly drawn, as if he were trying to solve some problem. One might suppose that he had forgotten the existence of his companion.

He was putting curious questions to himself: "If I were so foolish—if I, who have thought myself so strong, should be weak enough to lay down my life at this girl's feet, to set all my hopes on her, to give her the rest of my days—would there be any going backward in such an act? Is it sinful to love her for her youth and her beauty, her sweet tones and looks and fond winning ways? Is the attraction that draws me to her despite myself sensual or devilish, a snare of Satan set to catch me in my pride, or is the charm as innocent as it seems to me to-night? God enlighten me and give me grace to be wise; for, whether it be for good or ill, I love her."

Silver arrows of pale summer moonlight pierced the feathery pine-branches, evening's breath crept through the wood with a plaintive sound that was half whisper, half sigh. It was time that Joshua and his companion should go back to the white cottage yonder on the lower ground across the meadows.

"It is getting late, sir," said Cynthia; "the ladies will be wanting me."

"Yes, Cynthia; but I have a question to ask before we go. Soon after daybreak to-morrow I shall be on my way home—for I mean to walk the best part of the way—and then, unless you wish, I shall not see you for a year—perhaps never again; for who can tell how your mind may change in a year?"

"It can never change so as to forget your goodness, sir."

"Child, you make too much of my goodness. What I did for you I would have done for the lowest, the ugliest, a leper standing outside the gate and crying, 'Unclean, unclean!' I would have gathered a weed by the wayside, my dear, and cared for it as truly as I cared for the flower. But God chose that I should gather the fairest flower that ever grew in His earthly garden, and keep and cherish it to adorn His heavenly paradise. And this sweet flower, unaware, has grown very dear to me. Cynthia, in your childlike gratitude you have said many words of which perchance you have not weighed the meaning. You have spoken lightly out of the innocence of your mind, but your words have gone deep into my heart. You have talked of being my servant, of working for me all the days of my life. Look up at me, love, with those sweet eyes; look at me, my cherished one, my darling, with the straight look that goes from soul to soul, and tell me if you could love me well enough to be my wife—love me well enough to live with me, and be a part of my life, the blessedest, brightest, fairest part of life, all that this earth holds for me of human happiness. I have given my daughter to her lover; henceforth I hold the second place in her heart. Oh, Lord, let me have something that shall be all my own! I have tasted but little of temporal joys; I have given my hopes and desires for others. Before age creeps on, before my day is done, let me have something on which to pour forth my treasure of earthly love; let me be blessed like Abraham and Thy chosen ones of old, in the sacred joys of home. Child, child, it is the cry of a strong man's heart that goes forth to thee. Answer, and answer faithfully. Do you love me well enough to be my wife?"

He held her in his arms, held her to his heart, looking down into her eyes. They had both grown accustomed to the half-light of the wood by this time, and saw each other's faces very clearly; hers looking upward, pale, earnest, full of sweetness and a rapturous content, as of one in sight of her earthly heaven; his whitened with suppressed feeling, the mouth firmly set, the eyes grave and sombre.

"Answer, love, answer; and as God sees us here in this wood, under this evening sky, answer truly!"

"I love you well enough to be your slave," she said, in a low voice; "well enough to serve you barefoot and in chains, and to be made happy by one kindly look from your eyes. I could never be your equal—could never feel myself good enough to sit by your side, to be called by your name; but I love you with all my heart, and strength, and mind, as I have been taught to love God. Here, on my knees, savior, protector, friend, I give you my love, my life, myself."

She slipped from his breast to his feet before he was aware, and knelt there with clasped hands, looking up at him—a lovely image of devotion.

"Not at my feet, but next my heart, dearest," he cried, raising her from that humble posture. "You have made me happy beyond my measure of earthly blessedness. If I could have known, when the path seemed most difficult, that behind the curtain of long years God held this joy in store for me, it would have been like a star shining on me and beckoning me on. How light all present labors, all present perplexities would have seemed, measured against this reward!"

The moon shone full on the face lying on his breast. Purity, innocence, truth, a humble, childlike love were written there—love so blended with reverence that it had something devotional in its character. Why should the young heart ever change or fall away from affection so pure in the beginning, so holy in its growth? Why, indeed, save for the reason spoken of by the prophet, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?"

A moment never to be forgotten—a solemn crisis in life's history, to be remembered with awe in all the years to come—a moment in which earth and earthly things seem to fall away, and spirit speaks to spirit.

They went back through the dewy fields together, Cynthia's hand in Joshua's—the hand that was his own henceforward—a symbol of their life-long union. The sheep were running about the field, and the bell ringing. The church clock struck nine with a sonorous knell, like the bell of Time, counting the measure of man's years. A little while, a little while, and the end shall come. While your heart beats so passionately, while your fancy makes palaces and earthly paradises to dwell in, time is passing and the end is at hand. Life is but a journey, and the home where you are happiest is only an inn, from which you must be gone to-morrow.

* * * * * * *

"Dear heart alive!" cried Deborah, waking from her gentle nap to find herself in darkness; "what's become of Cynthia, and why hasn't she brought candles and the supper-tray? We must have been asleep ever so long."

"The heat quite overcame me," said Priscilla, "and Mr. Pamble is so noisy; his coarse jokes and loud, vulgar laugh gave me the headache. I'm afraid Mr. Haggard must have been shocked with him."

"I could see it in his face," replied Deborah.

Cynthia came in with a pair of mould candles in shining brass candlesticks, and snuffer tray to match. Joshua followed, grave of countenance and paler than usual.

"How tired you look, dear Mr. Haggard," cried Priscilla; "I'm afraid the sermon this morning and those noisy Pambles have wearied you. You must have a glass of cowslip wine this minute; it's very reviving."

Joshua consented, absently, to be revived, and sipped the home-made nectar with a dreamy look, while the sisters watched him curiously. He looked like one whose spirit has detached itself temporarily from the flesh. The body was there, but the eyes saw not, the lips spoke not; it was a mere automatic body.

"I'm afraid he's ill," whispered Priscilla to Deborah, "and not a drop of brandy in the house."

Joshua looked up presently, and saw two pairs of affrighted eyes gazing at him as at a spectre.

"I am ready to read and pray with you, dear friends, at the close of this peaceful day," he said.

"It has been a day that will be remembered in Penmoyle for many a year to come," exclaimed the ardent Priscilla.

In the placid monotony of her life, the advent of such a man as Joshua made an event of mark. She was not likely to forget his rare appearance in that remote village. She had indeed cherished his image for these fifteen years past—ever since his widowhood made it a lawful thing to worship him with a more individual regard than that reverent affection which the flock gives its shepherd.

Joshua opened his pocket Bible and read the second chapter of Ruth; Cynthia seated meekly in her accustomed place by the door. In his commentary on the text, he spoke of that instinct of the heart which has been called love at first sight, but which is rather an inspiration, a divine prompting of the spirit, which leads man to his fitting helpmate. He touched tenderly on the favor which the gentle Moabite found in the sight of the stranger; how his heart went forth to her at the very first, even before his servants had told him her pathetic story. He dwelt on the blessedness of such an union, and how God had crowned this marriage with richest honor, His chosen servant, David, being descended from this stem.

Priscilla wept copiously, her sentimental soul moved deeply by Joshua's discourse; and after he had said his evening prayer, she approached him with a little gush of rapture, and exclaimed:

"Dear Mr. Haggard, it has been my privilege often to hear you eloquent, but your words were never so melting as they have been to-night. The hardest heart must have shed tears," added Miss Priscilla, too enthusiastic to care for anatomical truth.

Joshua blushed; yes, through the dark clear skin there glowed an actual blush, as he looked at the Miss Weblings almost sheepishly.

"I thought that tender story would win your sympathy," he said; "and I am glad, for I want you to look with added favor upon my Ruth."

He put his arm round Cynthia and drew her to his side. The fair-haired child nestled there, looking up at her mistresses half shyly, half proudly.

"What!" cried Priscilla, with a shrill scream; "you don't mean—"

"I am like Boaz," he said; "I have no need to tarry any longer in doubtfulness of my own heart. This damsel has found grace in mine eyes, albeit she is a stranger. Heaven gave her to me that summer-day, on Springfield Common. Heaven has given me new thoughts and new hopes since I have known her. I am more blessed in having found her than if all the riches of all the mines in Cornwall had been poured into my lap. God give me grace to love and cherish her, and to make the life she has trusted to me happy."

"You are going to marry that child!" cried Priscilla, plucking at the velvet circlet on her brow in the wild agitation of the moment. "You, a sober, serious man of forty and upwards, a chit younger than your daughter!"

"If I am not too old to find a place in her heart, I care not how young she is. It will be all the sweeter duty to protect and cherish her."

Priscilla cast away her velvet headband, reckless of the little mourning brooch, with her father's silver hairs behind a tiny square of crystal, which confined it on her intellectual brow. She looked wildly round the best parlor, gave a stifled shriek, a gurgle or two, flung herself on the chintz-covered sofa, grasping the hard bolster convulsively in her agony, and went into vehement hysterics.

She lay there gurgling and choking, with occasional bursts of shrill laughter, for the next ten minutes, while cold water was sprinkled over her head and face, to the detriment of her Sunday toilet and the sofa-cover.

"You shouldn't have told her quite so suddenly," said Deborah, somewhat ashamed of this emotional display. "She has such a mind. The shock has been too much for her. She hasn't had such a fit of hysterics since father died."

FACETIÆ.

MUSICAL NOTE.—In what key would a lover write a proposal of marriage? Be mine, ah!

WHAT word is that of which, if you take away the first letter, all will still remain? Fail.

"CARRIE," said he, dreamily, contemplating her coil, "how beautiful—how very beautiful is your hair? Where did you get it?"

AN old gentleman, relating his youthful experiences, said he used to "catch" the most with a rod when he went fishing without his father's permission.

A GOOD BOY.—"John, are you a good boy?"

"Yes, I 'spose I am one of the kinds o' good. Mother used to say there was two kinds—the goods for something, and the goods for nothing; I suppose I belong to the goods for nothing."

A SUBSCRIPTION paper was lately circulated with the following object in view: "We subscribe and pay the amount set against our names for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same."

"MUS' brace up," said Sozzle, as he stood on the doorstep at 1 P. M.; "'ill never do let ol' lady 'spect anythin';" and, as Mrs. S. descended the stairs, clad in her *robe de nuit*, Sozzle braced up, knocking the ashes off his cigar, and, as the door opened, said cheerily, "Hullo, M'ria (hic) up yet? Got a match in yer pocket?" Of course, she did not suspect anything.

IT is beginning to be admitted in Boston that there is no such thing as absolute perfection. They sadly say you may instill the essence of cosmic philosophy into a woman's mind, stimulate it with the great principles of the conversation of forces, and embellish it with the measures of Oriental literature, but in spite of it all, she will keep on fastening her back hair into the bureau drawer to braid it, just like ordinary common folks.

TWO sons of Erin, shoveling sand on a hot day, stopped to rest, and exchanged views on the labor question.

"Pat, this is mighty hard work, we're at."

"It is, indade, Jimmy; but what kind of work is it you'd like if ye could get it?"

"Well," says the other, leaning reflectively upon his shovel and wiping the perspiration with the back of his hand, "for a nice, airy, clane business, I think I would like to be a bishop."

"DID you ever see that picture, grandma?" asked a young lady, as they took a view of the family portrait gallery.

"See it! Why it's a portrait of myself when I was seventeen."

"I thought you had forgotten it, or you wouldn't always be lecturing us about modesty and dress."

Grandma looked over her spectacles and declared that girls nowadays were very impertinent to their elders.

FORWARNED, FORARMED.—"Who in the mischief has ordered such boots as that?" casually asked a young man of his shoemaker, pointing to a colossal pair of *No.* 9 mud-smashers, with inch soles and toes rounded off like the bow of a Brooklyn ferry boat.

"Them? Oh, them's for Mr. ——; he said as he expected to do some heavy kickin' in a day or two, he had 'em made a' purpose."

The young man turned pale as he recognized the name of his Dulcinea's father, who peremptorily ordered him off the front stoop a few nights before.

WHEN old Mrs. Maxwell, of Bethlehem, died, her family and friends gathered at her bedside in terrible anguish, weeping and moaning.

Her niece stood by her and held her hand, and, as the lamp flickered before it was finally extinguished, she said to her:

"Is there anything that we can do to make your dying moments happier? Have you any unfulfilled wish, any cherished design, which we can carry out? Shall we do anything for you when you are gone?"

Mrs. Maxwell turned her face towards her niece, and, with a faltering voice, said:

"Mariar, don't give none of them preserved plums to John Henry; they always disagreed with his stomach."

Then her freed spirit took its eternal flight.

A SENSIBLE MOTHER.—A dwelling house on Clifford street took fire in one of the chambers the other night from an exploding kerosene lamp. The flames were extinguished after a sharp struggle by the woman of the house, who had her hands pretty badly burned. She was relating her adventures to a neighbor next morning, and the woman asked:

"Why didn't you raise an alarm—where was Bessie?"

"Bessie and her beau were courting in the parlor," was the calm reply.

"And you never called to them?"

"Not a word. I have known of cases where a sudden alarm has upset a young man just as he was about to propose and changed the whole future of two lives."—*Detroit Free Press.*

STREET ETIQUETTE.

The etiquettte of the streets, says *Harper's Bazar*, may be disposed of in a few words. The privilege of recognition is generally conceded to the lady, and when she has made her salutation, the gentleman responds by lifting his hat, and not merely touching the rim of it, unless he desires to be a flunky. If only one of two gentlemen in company be known and saluted by a lady, both should bow. The converse of this, however, is not obligatory. Two ladies in company are not both called upon to bow to a gentleman who is known only to one.

A lady should rarely stop for, or be stopped in the street by a gentleman. The gentleman desirous of accosting a lady he may meet should turn and join her in walking; and the lady, on the other hand, if the wish for the interview originates with her, should content herself with its expression by a gesture, without a full stop in the thronged street.

A gentleman walking with a young lady, unless she is related to him closely now or prospectively, does not offer his arm unless some sudden emergency may arise which would seem to indicate that its support or protection is required. The left arm is ordinarily given, with the obvious reason that the gentleman's right may be free for the defence he proffers. The sandwiching of a gentleman between two ladies has always an awkward look, and seems to be opposed to all fitness of things, by placing the man in his snug position apparently under the care of his female companions.

A gentleman may always leave another gentleman with whom he may be in company to join a lady, and the act justifies itself; but he ought not to quit his male companion for another of his own sex without giving at the moment, or soon after, a plausible excuse for it.

Although every gentleman should avoid officiousness of service to strange ladies—for example, handing them into a carriage, or offering them the side of the walk to which they are not entitled—he should be ready to give them a helping hand in the case of an emergency, to pick up whatever they may let fall, whether a pocket-handkerchief or a toddling child, and finish the service with a polite bow.

BURNING THE DEAD.

Benares is the holy city, *par excellence*, of the River Ganges. To be burned at Calcutta or Bombay may be a satisfactory contemplation for the dying native of the East; but to be burned on the funeral pyre at Benares, to be first of all washed in the Ganges, and then to have his ashes thrown into the sacred river, is indeed a happiness.

Let us take the reader, in imagination, to the banks of the Ganges. Thousands of natives are bathing in the water, lapping it, washing their clothes—if, indeed, a waistcloth can be called "clothes"—and taking up a vesselful of the sacred water for the benefit of their friends.

The water is not bright or clean. It might, were it not so sacred, be called very dirty. And there are, just now at any rate, some thousands of people bathing in it continually. But it is the holy river, and the worshippers of the Ganges fill their mouths with the water, lave in it, drink of it, quite happily. Every dip they take, every drop they swallow, washes off moral uncleanliness. Under the shadow of temple and mansion alike, troops of men, women and children are coming down the steps. A short prayer, a momentary uplifting of hands, a certain, or rather uncertain, rolling of the eyeballs, and then a plunge into the river. All along the bank, huddled together against the landing stages, in the stream up to their necks, clinging to the bamboo posts to which boats are fastened, every devotee is happy, each ready to pay for a garland of yellow flowers, each determined to make the most of a liberation from the ill deeds of the past.

While looking at this unwonted scene our attention is attracted to a curious sight on the shore. In a little space, fashioned somewhat after the shape of an amphitheatre, are three burning heaps of wood. Looking down upon these, quite thirty feet above the pyres, and enveloped in the smoke, are some forty or fifty men and women, perched on the steps like so many rooks, looking complacently down while the remains of their relatives are being consumed.

Down at the water's edge, partly in the water, indeed, are two human bodies. One is that of a woman, the other of a man; each is wrapped in white linen. Very little ceremony is needed, but that little is observed. The fire pile has been prepared for the reception of the corpse to be burnt. The body is therefore placed by the side of the river and then dropped into the water, so that all the sheet is covered. Lest there should be any doubt about this, however, a vessel of water is twice emptied over the head of the corpse before it is removed, and then the two men in attendance, lifting the body, place it upon the pyre; logs of wood thrown to them by assistants are laid on it; light, dry chips placed beneath; a torch is fetched and the light applied; there is a blaze, and—of the rest nothing need be said.

BRAINS VERSUS BRASS.

Both have a great influence in the economy of the present age, and it is rather difficult to tell which is really the most powerful. Sometimes one predominates in an individual, sometimes the other, and sometimes both are wanting. Occasionally they are found equally combined; but generally we see a very little brain and a good deal of brass, which enables the possessor to make considerable noise in the world on quite a small capital. He unblushingly sounds his own name far and wide, imagining himself to be the most wise, talented, and remarkable man of the age; and the less brain he has the more noise he will make.

A man of real merit is generally quiet and unpretending, and seldom appears before the public until his true worth brings him there, and often, for want of confidence in his own powers, "is born to blush unseen."

The mass of the people do not know the difference between real worth and the tinkling sound of brass. They are apt to attribute a man's success wholly to the one or the other, according to their prejudices; but, on the whole, the noisy man, if he has tact enough in his compound, can cast the man of genius completely in the shade, and the mass will follow after him with as much admiration as smaller boys do after an organ-grinder.

A little of this metal in the composition of man's mind is excellent, because it serves to harden the tender nature of genius against the rough blows of the world, which otherwise might crush its delicate form. But too much retards all progress in the possessor. Such a man can never be told anything that he does not already know; and no one can convince him, nor even with the plainest truths, that he is in error. He is too wise to learn, even from wisdom herself, and he is never troubled, as men of genius often are, by meeting a superior; and, unlike wise men, the older he grows, the more he knows, in his own opinion.

A wise man, as he advances in knowledge and science, sees so much before him which he cannot comprehend, that he is never troubled with an uneasy sense of his own wisdom. He takes an enlarged view of human nature, and what little knowledge he has acquired more than his fellows, looks to him but a drop in the great ocean of science. Thus it is very easy to tell a wise man, even if he is by nature conceited. Wisdom, if anything, will conquer human nature in this respect.

Whenever you meet a man—no matter whether he is a noted politician, poet, or philosopher—who has the appearance of thinking himself a great man, you may safely conclude that there is a great deal more for him to learn in this world. He has not taken the first step towards genuine wisdom, which is to have a realising sense of our own ignorance.

INTERESTING TO TEA-DRINKERS.

It has been absolutely asserted that in many cases tea is not tea, but something furbished up to look and taste like tea; the prices charged for it being little better than picking the pocket. To make sure, as you imagine, against impositure, you go the length of buying a chest. There it stands, a very honest-looking chest, studded over with Chinese characters, and you are almost certain that it has not been tampered with. Quite true. The chest is just as it came from China. But there are wheels within wheels. This honest-looking chest is a sham. It was packed with rubbish in China; for the Chinese are as dexterous in cheating and the art of turning the penny as anybody on the face of the earth. To their adulterated compounds they candidly give the name of *Lie* tea. We learn on good authority that this article, which is in all respects a lie, is an ingenious composition of the dust of tea-leaves, foreign leaves, sand, quartz, and magnetic oxide of iron! all skillfully united by a solution of starch into little masses of various forms and sizes, in imitation of different kinds of tea. Here we are called on to use the new verb "to face." To make rubbish look like tea of some particular kind, it is faced, or disguised in some kind of appropriate coating. Those teas, for example, which are meant to imitate Caper or Shulan are coated with plumbago or black-lead; and of gunpowder, with Prussia blue, turmeric, china-clay, and other white mineral powders! So clever are the Chinese in manufacturing this *lie* tea, that it requires skill and practice to detect it. These iniquitous adulterations are chiefly, if not altogether, found in low priced and much broken tea, or in the lower qualities of black and green gunpowder. What was thought to be adulteration by iron filings is found to be the magnetic oxide of iron derived from the soil, which finds its way into the tea from the dust on the leaves. The amusing reason the Chinese give for dyeing their tea is: "That as foreigners seem to prefer having a mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum with their tea, to make it look uniform and pretty—these being the articles used for that purpose—and as these ingredients are very cheap, they have no objection to supply them, especially as such teas always fetch a higher price!" They, however, take good care never to dye or face any tea they drink themselves.

POETICAL OLD BACHELORS.

Corneille, Racine and Boileau were all bachelors.

Gray was, in every sense, real and poetical, a cold, fastidious old bachelor, at once shy and proud, sensitive and selfish. In looking through his memoirs, letters and poems, we cannot find one indication that he was ever under the influence of woman. He loved his mother, and was dutiful to two tiresome old aunts who thought poetry one of the seven deadly sins. His learning was entombed with him. His genius survives in his elegy and odes. What became of his heart we know not. He might well moralize on his bachelorship, and call himself a "solitary fly."

Collins was never a lover, and never married. He is reported to have been once in love, and, as the lady was one day older than himself, he used to say, jestingly, that "he came into the world a day after the fair." He wrote an Ode on the Passions, in which, after dwelling on hope, fear, despair and pity, he dismisses love with a couple of lines. Such was Collins' idea of love.

Goldsmith died unmarried.

Shenstone was not formed to captivate; his person was clumsy, and his manners disagreeable. He never gave the lady who supposed herself to be the object of his serious pursuit an opportunity of accepting or rejecting him. He died unmarried.

When we look at a picture of Thomson, we wonder how a man with that countenance and mien could ever have written "The Seasons," or have been in love. He was devoted to his "Amanda" through a long series of years, but some destiny denied him domestic happiness.

Hammond, the favorite of our Continental grandmothers, was an amiable youth, and wrote sonnets to "Delia." But this lady was deaf to his pastoral strains, so he was doomed to live and die alone.

LETTUCE is like conversation: it must be fresh and crisp, so sparkling that you scarcely see the bitter in it. Lettuce, like most talkers, is, however, apt to run rapidly to seed. Blessed is that sort which comes to a head, and so remains, like a few people we know, growing more solid and satisfactory and tender at the same time, and whiter at the centre, and crisp in their maturity. Lettuce, like conversation, requires a good deal of oil, to avoid friction, and to keep the company smooth—a pinch of attic salt, a dash of pepper, a quantity of mustard and vinegar, by all means, but so mixed that you will notice no sharp contrasts, and a trifle of sugar. You can put anything, and the more things the better, into salad, as into conversation; but everything depends upon the mixing.

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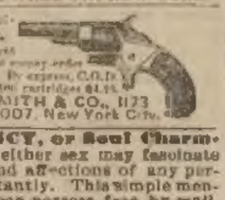

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